THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume VII | New York, Wednesday, February 1, 1928 | Number 13

CONTENTS

Headliners 995
Week by Week..... 997
Pathways of Peace..... 1000
Unity among Christians..... 1001
Bernard Shaw, Mexico and the Pope.....
Michael Williams 1002
Canada Questions Mexico.....
Ernest F. Boddington 1004
Thomas Hardy as I Knew Him.....
Bertram C. A. Windle 1006
Europe's Spiritual Dilemma, II.....
Henri Massis 1008
The League and the Papacy, III.....
Gonzague de Reynold 1011
Saint Hilda Guild.....W. G. Bowdoin 1012
Poems.....William Griffith, John Meehan, Dorothy Belle Flanagan, Henry Longan Stuart, Jessica Powers, Carol Ryrie Brink 1013
The Play.....R. Dana Skinner 1014
Books.....John A. Lapp, Thomas Walsh, J. A. McErlean, William Franklin Sands, Daniel J. McKenna, Catherine Radziwill 1015
The Quiet Corner..... 1021

HEADLINERS

THE man on the curb has had the time of his life watching the latest Sing Sing death struggle. Kept out of a ring-side seat by the law, he nevertheless got more than his money's worth out of the minutely detailed literary motion picture supplied by that eminent custodian of public morals, the daily press. How much better he must feel, now that it is all over and he can brush from his chin the last morbid morsels of a crime that ended with an electric shock! It escaped notice during the performance that somewhere in New England (and possibly not only in New England) a young man with a wife and child to support went out to his first day's work as an electrician on high-tension wires. There was an accident, a loud flash, and then no difficulty about pronouncing the poor fellow dead. Perhaps the accident could have been prevented; perhaps the employer was at fault. But apart from a meagre paragraph in the local paper, no attention was given to a tragedy as real, poignant and eminently modern as anything on record. It takes the law to endow electrocution with absorbing interest.

It has not gone unnoticed that such distorted shows have a peculiar effect upon members of the audience. Time and time again some relative idiot gives way to the tremendous suggestion conveyed—as in the recent instance of a man killing a little girl, or as in another recent instance of a woman killing her husband. Rudimentary mobs gather to snatch a relic or take a picture. People faint as the result of sheer neurasthenic exhaustion. International complications even ensue: England grows concerned because, though her own law prohibits giving sensational publicity to the circumstances of a criminal trial, there is no way of keeping out a cargo of such publicity from the United States. All such things, however, are trifles, comparatively speaking. It is much more significant that this downpour of sensationalism and brutality is battering our conceptions of crime and punishment out of shape. There are two fairly good arguments in favor of capital punishment, to which the majority of United States commonwealths subscribe. The one reasons that the vision of hanging by the neck or "burning" in a chair will deter people from committing a major crime. The second is that the punishment which society metes out to an offender should be equal to the wrong done.

But a society which accepts these arguments and governs its conduct accordingly is responsible for them. That means, concretely, that each and every citizen of the United States—as a citizen of some single state, that is—becomes in a measure accountable for the working out of capital punishment. We all know that if the majority of us suddenly decided the thing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was quite wrong, it would cease to be. One can say, therefore, that the whole problem has become a matter of civic conscience, even if most of us are not yet inclined to think of it as such. And how can we assent to the "deterrent argument" when, on the one hand, belief in the individual's responsibility for crime is lessened by accumulated theories of "insanity," and, on the other hand, we see that the effect is not morally educative but rather provocative of dangerous neurotic tidal waves? It is hard to believe that the Snyder-Gray spectacle has done anybody any good. It is altogether certain that it has done many people a great deal of harm. Finally, what sense is there in talking about a punishment proportionate to the crime committed when the whole performance degenerates into a frenzied apotheosis of the erotic motif?

A deeply traditional Christian philosophy has always, it is true, interpreted the arguments for capital punishment in quite a different way than has been customary under the reign of modern rationalism. This philosophy never held the individual solely responsible for a wrong deed done, but saw in him a representative of poor human nature's tendency to obey the urges of self rather than the grace of God, its failure to abide by the rule which makes possible the individual's cooperation with the Redemptive will. The criminal going to his death was not, therefore, to be viewed as a mere degenerate or outcast, but as an awful and impressive symbol of man, grand even in desolation, regaining through this ultimate payment of a moral debt his rightful place in the Divine realm. Thus punishment really became equivalent to the wrong done. It was a kind of penance which the sinner bore because it alone could wash him clean. And the spectator beheld not a variety of cur at whom he could throw stones or a "horror" over whose passing he could exult, but an unforgettable symbol of the degradation and darkness of a soul which surrenders to the power of evil. Looked at in this way capital punishment remains a grim thing, but it keeps a dignity commensurate with the destiny and origin of the human race. It is a social instrument with a meaning.

Who can expect a revival of this point of view in our time? The forces controlling the impression which the majority form of any social process are actuated by anything excepting a traditional Christian idea of human conduct. Indeed these forces, in so far as they are reflected in the press, do not even uphold the basis of common sense upon which the existing laws were established. It was interesting to see how many papers, both metropolitan and provincial, allowed their editors to say as much on the "sacred page" while the major portion of the edition was a mass of lurid and hysterical detail. We feel that most of the editors were in earnest—that they deplored both the ridiculous riot which was under way in the news and their own powerlessness to contend with it. They are, we believe, professional men who retain, in spite of the boom era, a conviction that the press exists to guide and mold public opinion in accordance with sane standards. But they know, as we all do, that the theory which regards the function of a newspaper as being primarily a way of getting money in exchange for news is spreading like a prairie fire. "What the public will buy" has become the recipe, and few publishers possess enough recklessness to adhere to their ancient methods.

Yet it is clear that, even after one accepts the view that the newspaper is a business proposition, one still has the right to believe that money cannot legitimately be earned under any and all circumstances. Medical and scientific quacks have been forced to the wall by the newspapers themselves. Dishonest gamblers and promoters are killed by one application of the violet ray of publicity. And certainly the press, which has done so much good by talking honestly about hidden corruption, cannot expect that its endeavor to "please the public" will not be adjudged sooner or later by such remnants of the civic conscience as still abide. It is one thing to print the news of a crime. It is another to distort the occurrence out of all semblance to a human reality in order to glut those who are slaves to instinct and sensation. We simply cannot sit idly by and watch the universe of the average man acquire an utterly inchoate perspective of good and evil.

But the question as to what ought to be done is complicated by the circumstance that even those who should normally be concerned about it seem to have surrendered. Is there not more than a faint reflection of the current popular abandonment of standards for the sake of sensation in the practice of supposedly enlightened magazine editors? One may, for instance, favor or not favor the airing of critical views regarding religion in general and the Catholic Church in particular. But surely it ought to be evident that the criticism should do more than utter a private grievance or voice utterly puerile conclusions. The deplorable thing about the current Atlantic Monthly series of papers dealing with Catholic practice is (quite apart, of course, from the personal defection they imply) surely not that they express critical opinion but that they express opinion unworthy of the Atlantic Monthly. What editor would print stuff as poor as this about books or astronomy or any other subject not surrounded by an atmosphere of such suspicion and animosity that any outcry will attract a crowd? And unfortunately the Atlantic Monthly is only one among offenders who have opened the doors of America's best literary platform to all sorts of flimsy and ignorant manifestos of barbarism.

For barbarism is what all this cult of the headline implies. When any journal of opinion elects to stake its reputation and success upon appeals to unthinking or even unhealthy emotionalism, it is playing for stakes which all civilization has thrown out of the window as unworthy. But one takes courage from the knowledge that the more numerous such defections become, the more evident is the significance of those who do not give way. A share in this significance is our goal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1928, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — MARY KOLARS
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS — JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES — R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

United States: $5.00 — Foreign: $6.00
Canada: 5.50 — Single Copies: .10

WEEK BY WEEK

PAN-AMERICA is in session, to what effect one can only surmise at present. But if the program of good-will is carried out with the enthusiasm which has been displayed in large samples during the past few days, something like a better modus operandi should result. It is obvious, too, that Latin America did not go to Havana in closed-column formation animated by the design to force the "northern colossus" into an uncomfortable corner. Mr. Hughes easily scored several victories in the diplomatic preliminaries. For a moment his assent to a policy of giving full publicity to the proceedings of all sessions looked like a case of too much good-will. But after he had followed this by cheerfully seconding the nomination of Dr. Gustavo Guerrero, the Salvadorean leader, to the chairmanship of the conference, Mr. Hughes emerged as the successful promoter of a game the amicableness of which is provided for by a universal turning-up of sleeves. It seems altogether out of the question that anybody should get angry and make a point of insisting too strongly on Nicaragua. Such mutual forbearance is, no doubt, desirable. What most Americans here are sincerely hoping, none the less, is that the talk in Havana will tend to decrease the number of Nicaraguan and similar complexities. It is precisely because of them that we need good-will, the demand for which is likely to endure for a long time.

THE crisis in the Anglican Church engendered by the controversy over the prayer-book seems to have developed into a vast struggle between irreconcilably different points of view. "Anglo-Catholicism," acting not so long ago as intermediary between Rome and the Reformation, suddenly discovers that the bridges have burned on both sides. While it did not explicitly discountenance the Malines Conversations and similar endeavors, the papal encyclical did, from a practical point of view, bring them to a halt. On the other hand, Protestant dismay at the concessions made in the name of Dr. Davidson regarding the papal supremacy may well result in a repudiation of the "compromise measures" proposed to unify the English Church and strengthen its doctrinal foundation. The full report of what happened at Malines, published at last, reveals little of essential importance that had not been expressed previously in some form or other. But it reëmphasizes two basic facts: the desire of the Archbishop of Canterbury to employ the Anglican theology of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as a kind of patristic fundamental for his church, and the inability of the "Anglo-Catholic" party to maintain itself there. The question of the primacy of the Holy See came to the fore at once, and the learned men who represented the English at Malines knew that this question could not be viewed in the light of the seventeenth century.

IT IS fortunate that just at this time one should be able to point, from a Catholic position, to an exceptionally interesting review of the work at Malines by Monsignor Pierre Batiffol, one of the theologians summoned by Cardinal Mercier. This has been published in one or more European journals, and makes clear once again the excellent motives which animated all who took a part in the deliberations. Particularly noteworthy is the great affection all felt for the Cardinal, which led the Anglican delegates to kneel and ask for his blessing. Particularly significant is the hope entertained that, because of the unusual character of the English Church, it would serve as a terrain of approach to the oriental schismatic communions. The Catholics at Malines had never forgotten the truth, expressed years ago by Dr. Kinsman, that the "Russian Church is the bulwark of the Anglican Church"; and though they remained fully aware of the difficulties to be confronted, they did feel that a first step was being taken in the direction of unification of all Catholic Christendom. Of course as time went on the doctrine of papal supremacy became the central topic for discussion. Just now it is worth remembering that although the English theologians could not see how they could accept this doctrine, their views of it were certainly astonishing to anyone familiar with the history of modern England. As a result they now encounter a firm restatement of it on the part of Rome, and a no less firm repudiation of it on the part of Protestants. What, then, remains of Malines? This, we believe in all sincerity: "We have set to work without knowing when or how the unity desired by Christ would be realized, but in the conviction that it could be realized because Christ willed it so, and that each of us might

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hope, therefore, to work humbly toward it." Such words, taken from one of Cardinal Mercier's last letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury, are unforgettable and inspiring.

IN ONE particular we disagree with Senator Robinson's remarks in answer to the speech in the Senate of that robustious challenger of the Pope, the cardinals, Tammany Hall, the Democratic party and the wife of Mr. William Randolph Hearst—the Honorable J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama. The Senator from Arkansas gave it as his opinion that the latest outburst of Lafayette's favorite son showed how great a fool the Alabaman could make of himself. We believe the potentialities of this gallant Horatius are greater than Senator Robinson realizes. Give Thundering Tom time! He has until 1931 to serve, and, so far as our observation goes, he is developing steadily. As Senator Moses was compelled to confess, the Washington movie houses are emptied that the Senate gallery may be filled, every time Heflin puts on his performance. Soon he will be obliged to diversify his act, and when he gets warmed up in his new part, there will be no matinée bills at the Washington movie palaces and Senator Robinson will have to admit that there are no limits to Tom when it comes to the business of making a fool of himself.

HOPE for the reign of peace might grow a little if the pacifists would learn how to do two things—first, to use words with precision, and secondly, to look at the world they live in and find out what it is like. Here is Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt telling the conference on the Cause and Cure of War, in Washington, that the next war will be upon us shortly "unless there are rock-ribbed treaties" pledging the nations not to fight. Look at that for a moment. Imagine two men making a promise—that is, a treaty—not to fight. One of them, disregarding his promise, hits the other; or perhaps he keeps his promise not to fight and merely steals the other man's pocketbook. It may be sad, but it is certain, that the other man will either break the treaty too, or take a thrashing, or else go broke. What treaty could be more "rock-ribbed" than the one which bound Germany to respect the neutrality of Belgium?

MRS. CATT also said, "This is still a war world populated with men equipped with war minds." In English this would read, "Men like to fight." To tell them they should not is like telling the same thing to a good little boy. That kind of preparedness means a black eye for him the first time he meets a bad little boy who says, "I can lick you," and who does it. When bad little boys unaccountably like to fight, it is less puzzling that bad big nations should like to fight too. Mrs. Catt is also quoted as saying that while the "peace advocates" are increasing in number, "the advocates of war" are increasing with greater solidarity. It is characteristic of the mental confusion proceeding from carelessness with words that pacifists divide the human race into two classes, the truly good, who want peace, and the wicked, who want war for some malevolent reason; and account for all wars by the recurring triumph of the wicked.

IT IS constantly noticeable, and growing more noticeable all the time, that when the present school of historians take to theorizing and prophesying they seem to know nothing about history. It would be too much to expect them to remember Caesar, but they are even unable to recollect William Hohenzollern. Within our gates and, of course, lecturing, is Dr. Emil Ludwig. He, too, is oracular and forgetful. In his first American lecture he said, "In any coming war—and I do not foresee one for many years—Germany will make every possible effort to remain neutral"; and this oracle he expanded comfortably and at length. It means just nothing at all to the peace of the world. All nations "make every possible effort to remain neutral," except the aggressor. Belgium made every possible effort to remain neutral in 1914. So did we for two years and a half, at the cost of much blood and treasure to other nations. Sir Edward Grey's frantic efforts to remain neutral lasted a much shorter time. In the present interdependence and interweaving of nations, the desire of any one of them to remain neutral is about as long-lived as a snowball in a hot place, once her neighbors are involved. If there is another world war Germany will be in it, will she nill she. And everybody knows it except historians.

IT MAY be that Prohibition Commissioner Doran's indignation over the fact that 75 percent of his men flunked in the examination conducted by the Civil Service Commission at Washington is caused by the fact that it is a blow at enforcement. It may be that he would be just as indignant if his men really had been shown up as ignoramuses and unfit. But it cannot be denied that this wholesale abolition of most of the prohibition force has a fishy look. It does not seem possible that 75 percent of any body of officeholders can be unfit, and it is probable that no such proportion of unfitness has ever been discovered in any such dragnet for dunces before. The thing seems still queerer when Dr. Doran says that the New York district made a better showing than the others, 50 per cent of the agents here passing the examination, while in western and central North Carolina only one of the thirty agents passed and he was one of the less effective men.

IT IS notorious that in New York the saloonkeepers have no fear of the prohibition agents, the lion lying down with the lamb; and equally notorious that the North Carolina sections mentioned are in the moonshine belt, where agents are feared and hated. But the fishy look of the examination becomes vastly more piscatorial when the questions on which the agents flunked are studied. Those of them which have been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

published are obviously trick questions, so framed that anybody could be disqualified no matter what his answer. Many of these questions asked the agent which one of five courses he would pursue if a certain assumed state of facts existed in a particular case. No one can read them without being convinced that an examiner who wanted to disqualify an agent could do it, whichever one of the five courses he preferred. The agent was expected to look into the examiner's mind and know miraculously which one of the five courses that gentleman favored; and if he happened accidentally to guess right, there was nothing to prevent the examiner from disqualifying him anyhow.

IT WOULD be interesting to know what moved Judge E. W. Dingwell of Adair County, Iowa, to decide a test case on taxation against the Ku Klux Klan. The officers of the state body apeared in court to ask for an order exempting their headquarters in Adair County from taxation, on the plea that their organization should be classed with those societies which, being "charitable, benevolent and fraternal," are exempt under the law. The judge must have come, at an earlier date, from Missouri, for he demanded to be shown in what particulars the Klan was either charitable, benevolent or fraternal. He listened to evidence; like Oliver Twist, he asked for more, but at the end of the proceedings he was still unconvinced and declined to remit the taxes. Of course such evidence as might be produced in court was inadequate. The Klan does good by stealth; its official right hand of the lodge room does not know—and often does not want to know—what the left hand under the flowing white robes has been doing. Nevertheless the order should have found no difficulty in showing that it is fraternal. It has not merely a brotherly, but even an elder brotherly, manner of dealing with those to whom it is drawn in benevolence and charity.

ONE hesitates to speak of a "return" to the liturgy, which is as omnipresent and abiding as the Church itself. Yet there can be no doubt that, owing to educational and cultural circumstances, thousands of the faithful lost almost all understanding of the sacred mysteries and accepted them merely as a matter of course. How many had any knowledge of Latin or could follow the prayers of the Mass through anything but a mediocre and uninspiring prayer-book drawn inexpertly from quite sentimental sources? How many appreciated the significance of each step in the sacred mysteries? One may even say, with Abbot Herwegen, that the very nature of the relationship between the Church and the faithful was slowly undergoing a catastrophic change. Several years ago European Benedictines began to take a very great interest in the problem. Liturgical publications and organizations gradually came into being and flourished. It was discovered that Catholics were really hungering for this food, which alone could make possible in a genuine fashion that restoration of the early Church for which the whole nineteenth century yearned. Now the American Benedictines are furthering the good work here. The United States may point with pride to Orate Fratres, the only magazine in English devoted to liturgical interests, which is steadily increasing in interest and influence. Other forces are aiding the good work. It is said that the sale of missals has grown by leaps and bounds; and we note with pleasure that the quality of these is now better than it has been. Who knows but what the liturgical movement may some time prove the salvation of religion in America!

THERE is something about what is called "success" (as if there were only one kind) which makes the "successful" man feel omniscient. Because Mr. Edison has invented a great many things he thinks he can ascend into the pulpit and tell mankind authoritatively what becomes of the soul after death. Because Mr. Ford has made a popular car and more money than he can count, he becomes an oracle on everything. But there is one engaging thing about Mr. Ford's pontificate: he began to learn late in life, and he keeps right on. His process of learning is to unlearn all he knew, one thing at a time. He knew once that "history is bunk," but now he has unlearned that and is collecting historic landmarks. He knew once that it was easy to stop a war and "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas," but he unlearned that in one short cruise, and knows more about war now. And at last he has dropped his campaign against the Jews, retracted all that his paid crusaders said, and appeared in sackcloth and ashes to tell Louis Marshall that he has destroyed every copy of his pamphlet against them which he could find and is doing all he can to "remedy the harm" he did. It is a pleasing thing, this ability of Mr. Ford's to learn by unlearning, and is quite exceptional among "successful" men. He is not young, and it is to be hoped that he will be spared long enough to unlearn practically everything he knows. It is regrettable that he could not have begun earlier, but he is certainly making up for lost time.

ONCE again the birthday of Robert E. Lee has come around, occasioning what we thought a praiseworthy increase in the number of tributes to his memory in all sections of the press. Sooner or later the nation will mark his anniversary in its book of holidays, side by side with those of Washington and Lincoln. We will have outgrown all the partisan feeling occasioned by the Civil War and witness in Lee a national hero. Who could typify more satisfactorily the "man of honor" whose allegiance is to that particular soil and to those special customs which root the citizen to his country more definitely than ever abstract conceptions of government or political destiny could? It is so utterly evident that we need nothing more than unselfish devotion to what may be termed "regional" affairs; and if these once carried the South-

LIBRARY
ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
CARTHAGENA, OHIO
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erner too far, he was actuated by an interpretation of the constitution now no longer cherished by anyone. The pathos and courage of the South that marched to defeat through bloody years of long ago, is a drama which today can only move, encourage and ennoble us all. In it no man played so lofty and magnanimous a part as the soldier who carried into silence the love of innumerable comrades, to whom the war meant not rebellion but sacred honor. We shall welcome "Lee Day" whenever it comes.

POPULAR discussion of Miss Margaret Mayo's book, Mother India, seems to revolve round the query as to whether it is true or not. We offer the opinion of a venerable Catholic archbishop who has spent many years in the Orient as a missionary and student. "There is nothing in the book," he says, "that strikes a long resident in this country as a new discovery, but the pity is that the worst points have been selected, that these have then been presented in the worst light, and that perhaps not a single line in the book gives any credit to the Indian people either generally or in particular. It should be obvious that not one statement about India can be true of all India; and most of Miss Mayo's statements may be true of only a small part of India. If she had possessed a more intimate knowledge of the country she might have written the same things, but she would never have written them in the same way or without the addition of other things. I myself, during many years spent here in India, have seen much good in the Indian." The Archbishop then went on to quote with approval some remarks written by Ghandi for Young India: "The indignation which we are bound to express against a slanderous book must not blind us to our obvious imperfections and our great limitations."

THE maligned modern girl may have more sense than her teachers, or those who should be her teachers. A refreshing incident is noted in Long Island City. The Reverend James E. Walker, pastor of the Astoria Presbyterian Church, sent a circular letter to seven young women in his parish, in which, according to the newspapers, he asked them whether they preferred companionate marriage or lifelong union. They replied that they wanted a permanent marriage and that they wanted husbands with good education and good Christian character. The downtrodden modern girl has turned on Paul Pry at last. The incident, however, leaves one still with an unsatisfied curiosity about the mental twist of those who send these questionnaires. As a sociological test the replies of the seven are of no value; nor would they have been if they had numbered 700. The part the seven girls took in this absurd, twentieth-century playlet is wholly admirable; the part the probing pastor played is—well, to be charitable, is characteristic of the fact that the hunger for publicity "fulfills itself in many ways." And in this case, fortunately, it did no harm.

PATHWAYS OF PEACE

WHILE the peace proposals of M. Aristide Briand may not meet with acceptance, the endeavor of the French Foreign Minister will never be classed as a failure. As Mr. William R. Castle, jr., the Assistant Secretary of State who has conducted the conversations with Ambassador Claudel, pointed out to the conference on the cause and cure of war, real peace must be a state of mind. It is not an ideal condition which can be produced by the waving of a magician's wand. Leagues shall not necessarily insure it; world tribunals shall not of certainty compel it. The promise of peace was made to men of good-will, to those whose feet have been shod with the preparation of peace as a controlling gospel and a life influence.

Mr. Castle approached the Pauline conception when he told the delegates to the Washington convention that peace was the result of growth of character and of understanding, of the gradual elimination of the causes of international misunderstanding, of willingness to let others live their lives as they see fit, so long as their choice does not interfere with the happiness of the rest of the world.

Now if these are the views of the representative of the State Department to whom has been entrusted the negotiations concerning the Briand proposals, these proposals already are far from being a failure. If, because of his association with M. Claudel in an endeavor to chart paths of peace, Mr. Castle has been given opportunity to disclose these views to a group of men and women who are earnestly seeking a solution of problems projected by war, the proposals already have met with some degree of success.

Secretary Kellogg may suggest another means of attaining peace, his approach may be different; but he too will have his share in the ultimate working out of peace plans if, in his jealous desire for the permanency of peace, he helps to stir discussion, and in so doing, stimulates growth of understanding of peace ideals.

Next to those who have a childlike confidence that the strong arms of leagues and international courts could bring about a state of peace among the nations overnight, the most dangerous enemies to the household of peace are those, intra muros, who have a bland idea that any proposal of means to end war should be accepted at once, without examination and without that preparation in the paths of peace which allows study of possible effects on the world's happiness.

"Professional peacemakers" is the classification given by Mr. Castle to such ardent seekers after peace at any price. He told his hearers at Washington of his experience with one who wanted action on the Briand proposals on the instant. "He was so eagerly in favor of peace," said the Assistant Secretary, "that he was positively belligerent. 'It is an outrage,' he told me, 'that our government should hang back in a matter of this kind. I am going to make speeches about it and I warn you that I shall attack the De-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

partment of State as it deserves. I am absolutely in favor of the Briand treaty. Will you tell me what is in it?' "

There is a more hopeful note in a remark made at the same gathering that all discussions on peace plans should be conducted with a frank recognition of the weakness of human nature as well as its idealism. It was with recognition of this weakness in human nature that Paul produced the armor of God—the breastplate of justice, the shield of faith, the loincloth of truth and the fitting footwear for travel in the paths of peace. If, in all meekness, and with knowledge of their own frailties as well as those of others, peacemakers who are earning the right to be called the children of God approach their problems with sympathetic insight, there may yet come a day when in all countries the meek shall possess the land.

UNITY AMONG CHRISTIANS

NO AUTHENTIC text of the papal encyclical dealing with the question of union among Christian churches is, unfortunately enough, available as we write. The translation supplied by the United Press to various secular newspapers is full of obvious errors, although the man who furnished it undoubtedly tried to do all he could. But we believe that the main lines of the Holy Father's argument are clear; and because it has aroused so much discussion, we feel it expedient to offer some words of comment here and now. The encyclical is addressed to the faithful, and to the hierarchy in particular, in order to outline what attitude they must take toward the various programs advanced to foster church union by groups of Christians dissident from Rome. Many Catholics have viewed the assemblages at Stockholm and Lausanne with great interest and sympathy. A number have longed to take some active share in the deliberations, and even to express publicly the Divine desire, "Ut omnes unum sint." Rome itself has prayed for the success of these unitive deliberations.

What, then, is the right Catholic view of the matter? How far can the Holy See, as the guardian of faith and morals, go toward meeting the hopes and aspirations of those who do not subscribe to its jurisdiction? To these questions the encyclical replies by restating age-old doctrine. Religion is not something conjured up by the human intelligence or emotion. It is always the gift, the grace, of God; and though this gift may have been lavished upon individuals here and there in all the areas of history, it was given wholly and entirely in Revelation, the fundamental expressions of which are the Old and New Testaments. Evidence for the veracity and moral sanction of this Revelation is, for every thoughtful person who opens his soul to the radiance of Divine illumination, indubitable and eternal. Christ the Saviour did really and truly say those things which God desired that man should know. And among them all none is more clear than His will that the Redemptive mission established by Him on earth should be a "church," a society, a kingdom. Obviously—and the point is conceded by every worker for the union of churches—this society or kingdom was conceived of by Christ as being one and indivisible. Such unity can, however, be only the unity established by Revelation. Just as soon as men begin to modify it by influences derived from merely human reason or emotion, it ceases to be, or turns into something else.

The Catholic Church makes this claim: it is the ecclesiastical unity established by Divine Revelation. A major part of its apologetic effort is devoted to proving this claim, and any failure to put it forth now would be cowardice or even infidelity to truth. Christians—or others—in the world outside may refuse to accept it, or may believe that ecclesiastical unity must be achieved by incorporating a number of tenets derived from philisophical or scientific deliberation. They may be acting in good faith in so doing. They may be convinced (though it is difficult for us to see how they can be) that the position of Rome is untenable. But surely it ought to be perfectly easy for them to realize that Catholics cannot stand with them. The Holy Father and every one of the faithful must hold that Christianity is either something given once and for all by God, entrusted once and for all to the Church, or something that can be molded and annealed to meet the demands of succeeding ages.

There is nothing for a Catholic to do but hope that others will come to find that their places are by his side. Resolutely convinced as he is that the truth has been made manifest to him, he can have no better object in life than to work and pray that it may be revealed to the rest of men. Knowing as he does that nothing in his own poor self is responsible for the "bliss of peace that hems him round," he will not be arrogant or contentious, imperious or bitter, but given steadfastly to prayer that God will lead the steps of all safely. Remembering the poet who was careful not to step on a shred of paper on the street lest it bear the Holy Name, he will reverence the glimmer of Christian reality wherever it may abide. He will continue to feel that Catholics and Protestants can do ever so much in common in that domain of civilization which is lower, indeed, than the high land of faith, but nevertheless dear and indispensable to us all. Nothing could be more true than that the Catholic will be serviceable and charitable precisely in proportion as he realizes the inviolability of what has been vouchsafed to him—eternal truth, immortal love, in the grasp of which the individual is as nothing.

For the whole world, the new papal encyclical is essentially a call to prayer. It puts forth the simple, immemoriably consoling truth that the goodness by which the world is redeemed must be sought not through the exercise of physical might nor through the canny deliberations of a reason that is so often near to pride, but in petition and obedience to that Will in Which restless humanity is some day to find a home.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BERNARD SHAW, MEXICO AND THE POPE

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

LAST August, when I was in London, I sent to Mr. George Bernard Shaw the letter which follows:

Dear Mr. Shaw:—I am the editor of The Commonweal, a weekly review published in New York. Probably you've never heard about it, much less seen a copy. All the same, it is important: if for no other reason than that it is the only journal published in English by Catholic laymen, without clerical control or direction. It concerns itself with economics, politics, books, plays, art. It occupies about the same position in relation to Catholic principles and ideas as the New Republic and the Nation occupy in relation to what are called radical, or socialistic, ideas and opinions. Many non-Catholics write for it: among others, Sir Horace Plunkett, on coöperation, Walter Lippman (chief editorial writer for the New York World) on Fascism, etc.

All this (and much more that might be mentioned) is not a prelude to a request for you to write for The Commonweal, though of course I should be pleased and honored if you ever did: it is the introduction to a much more important matter. Properly to propose it requires a little more explanation.

I went to Rome some months ago, for a vacation, and to advance the interests of my paper. Before I left New York my literary agent put before me an offer from one of the great news agencies to secure an interview with the Pope for simultaneous publication in some 250 daily papers, American, European, even African and Asiatic. The topics to be discussed were such things as Governor Smith's candidacy for the Presidency; are girls more immoral than they used to be, etc. I told the syndicate people that it was exceedingly improbable but perhaps not impossible for me (or anyone) to get such an interview on such topics; but that I would try. Having influential friends in Rome, and bearing letters from two American Cardinals, I believed I had a fighting chance, at least, to obtain a genuine interview on subjects more dignified and of more intrinsic interest than opinions about Governor Smith, and the length (or shortness) of the flappers' skirts. And I succeeded in doing so. After two months of incessant work I obtained from the Cardinal Secretary of State, Gasparri, a document which is, I believe, unique—a message from the Pope, addressed to all civilized people, all western nations, anyhow, informing them that the Holy See regards the present situation of Catholics in Mexico as the worst persecution ever known—explicitly declaring it worse than those suffered by the Church under Nero, Domitian, Caligula, in this respect, namely, that while under the Roman emperors private, or secret, religious worship in houses, cemeteries or catacombs was tolerated, in Mexico today priests are summarily slain (sometimes after torture) and lay people are shot, imprisoned, fined, exiled and otherwise punished for participation—at times on the mere suspicion of participation—in private worship.

The Pope says the reason why the secular world does not know the truth about the persecution is the success of the Mexican government in suppressing the news about it. Foreign journalists in Mexico, confined to Mexico City, are under the absolute control of Calles. The news—no matter how true, nay, no matter how startling, or horrid, that is smuggled out of Mexico by Catholics, is ignored by the secular press—it is termed "Catholic propaganda." It is not "official." It does not come under the sacred seal of some news agency: which agency, even if it had such news in Mexico, could not send it!

When I received the papal message together with documents attesting its genuineness, I cabled that fact to New York. Believing then, as I believe now, that this papal message is an unprecedented affair in journalism, I simply sent word that I had the matter of an authentic interview, and advised the New York people to authorize me to cable it, on the ground that, as the message was highly important as news, there might be a leak, and other correspondents might profit thereby. The syndicate cabled me to send 1,000 words by cable, and to hurry to London and place a copy of the entire manuscript in the hands of its European agent. I did so—only to be handed a cable when I reached London informing me that my cabled message had been refused, because it was "Catholic propaganda," and not stuff about Al Smith and flappers. Meanwhile I had mailed from Paris, on the Berengaria leaving Cherbourg, one copy of the article to the syndicate, and another I sent on the Caronia, to my agent. And with this letter I am sending another copy to you.

Why? Because I hope and believe that you will write me a letter which will force the publication of my article, together with your letter, by the agency in question or some other big syndicate—a letter proposing the formation of an international lay committee of inquiry into present-day religious conditions in Mexico. If governments, several of which must know the facts, will stand by and tolerate such things, cannot writers and social workers force the press of the world to listen to the Pope's plea to learn the truth?

If the Catholic Church is really to blame for bad social conditions in Mexico, let the fact be known.

If, also, the Church is right in its belief that the punishment now meted out to its helpless children in Mexico exceeds all measure of justice, and amounts to a bloody, outrageous persecution, compelling the Church to resort to the unheard-of measures to keep up its spiritual life recorded in my article, is there not enough common humanity, common charity, left alive in the heart of humanity to arouse all decent people everywhere, be they Catholic, Protestant, Jew, agnostic or unbeliever, to a united protest of public opinion powerful enough to compel a stop to the persecution?

Surely there must be, and I beg of you, Sir, that you will take the lead in this crusade of mercy on behalf of martyrized Mexico.

Faithfully yours,

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Although I did not know it at the time I wrote, Mr. Shaw was not then in London. I had returned to New York before his answer reached me. It was as follows:

> Dear Sir:—I cannot imagine what the American press is thinking of in refusing to publish what is practically an interview with the Pope. It is news, and official news from a person of overwhelming importance. The mere fact that the Pope has at last consented to avail himself of the press instead of the pulpit as his instrument of publicity would be sensational news even if the message were nothing but a remark on the prospects of the harvest.
>
> As to the objection that the Pope is a Roman Catholic and not a Baptist from Dayton, and that his views are therefore inadmissible in American newspapers, no European comment is possible: Europe cannot make comments if its breath is taken away. There is an old story of a devout man who, on arriving in heaven after his death, and asking to be led into the presence of his Maker whom he had served so long without hope of any greater reward, was told that it was impossible, as his Maker had just gone mad. We in Europe are feeling something of what that man felt as it dawns on us that America has gone out of its mind.
>
> I have never been able to understand why the subject of the pitched battle between Church and state in Mexico was dropped so suddenly by the British press after it had been featured with the prominence its importance deserved for several days.
>
> If the Russian government, which openly repudiates the teachings of the Greek Church as dope, can nevertheless afford to tolerate it, however contemptuously, one would like to know why the Mexican government cannot afford to be equally broadminded, instead of behaving like Queen Elizabeth. It owes it not only to the Pope but to itself to welcome an inquiry and report; and for the American newspapers to suppress the Pope's demand for such an inquiry as a matter of no interest naturally sets the world asking whether these newspapers are written for children under five or for grown-up citizens of the greatest federation of modern states—the nearest thing on earth to the Holy Roman Empire—in the world.
>
> Faithfully,
>
> G. Bernard Shaw.

In reprinting my letter to Mr. Shaw, I have omitted the name of the news agency because I quite fully grant that the syndicate, from its point of view, was justified in refusing my article on other grounds than that it was considered as being "Catholic propaganda." It was my agent, and not the syndicate, who in his cable to me said that what I had cabled from Rome, and what was refused by the syndicate, was "Catholic propaganda." The syndicate wanted certain definite subjects treated in the proposed interview, and what I sent to them was not what they desired. Although, from my point of view, what I did send was infinitely more important than the goods ordered, the syndicate did not so judge the matter, and acted within its rights in refusing it.

When Mr. Shaw says, in the first sentence of his letter, that he "cannot imagine what the American press is thinking of in refusing to publish what is practically an interview with the Pope," he is in one sense making a case against the American press not precisely justified by my letter to him, nor by the actual facts. The American press as a whole, of course, had not refused the interview, because the interview had not been offered at the time I wrote Mr. Shaw to more than one agency. After my return to New York, in discussing the matter with the agency in question, and finding that it maintained its own position, I offered the article to the New York Times, presenting also the facts concerning its rejection by the agency in question, with the result that the interview, rewritten to some extent, but containing the full text of the papal statement, was published in that paper on Sunday, October 2, 1927.

But so far as I know after maintaining a close watch, aided by a clipping agency, of the American press, no daily newspaper, weekly review or monthly magazine, other than Catholic ones, has said a single word editorially on the subject of this papal statement. So, in my judgment, what Mr. Shaw says about the American press remains substantially accurate. The New York World, the New York Evening Post, the Washington Post, have all referred to the religious situation in Mexico as a factor which should not be ignored by those anxious to maintain or to increase our friendly relations with the people of Mexico, or with its present government. But for the most part the overwhelming majority of American newspapers, reviews and magazines have ignored the Mexican religious crisis. The same statement is true of the American religious press, except, of course, the Catholic papers.

The Commonweal, as its readers know, is absolutely opposed to any form of military intervention by the United States in Mexico. It recognizes the exceedingly delicate responsibility of the United States government in dealing with the Mexican government on the question of the Mexican government's relations with its own citizens. Nevertheless all governments, and all their negotiations, are motivated by public opinion. Public opinion in the United States so far is not informed concerning the nature of the religious crisis in Mexico, its extent or its consequences. It is the duty of the press to inform public opinion even more than it is the duty of the press to endeavor to guide it.

The Head of the Catholic Church, having received information which is alleged to be true, and which is certainly susceptible of being proven either true or false, declares that Christian people are today being persecuted, in Mexico, in the full and most rigorous sense of that terrible word. What the Pope says, based upon information reaching him from many sources, is supported by a great mass of evidence. These alleged facts are absolutely denied by the Mexican government. Why, then, cannot the American newspapers investigate the situation in the interests of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

truth and justice, and proclaim whatever facts they find to be true?

Why cannot agencies such as recently combined to send a commission of inquiry to Roumania to investigate the treatment of religious minorities, Jews, Catholics and other bodies, also investigate the much graver situation existing not in Europe but in America, at the very doors of the United States?

The Commonweal proposes to its non-Catholic contemporaries that they consider this proposition, discuss it in their columns and call it to the attention of the great foundations of social service, of conciliation and arbitration, with a view to forming a thoroughly representative non-sectarian, non-governmental Commission of Inquiry concerning the Religious Problem in Mexico. Such a Commission could find the facts and bring them to the attention of all American citizens. Such a Commission could determine in the court of public opinion whether the Mexican government is right in accusing the Catholic clergy in that country of all the crimes and civic misdemeanors now imputed to them; and the American public would be able to judge whether or not that government is justified in the measures put into effect against the Catholic Christians who number some 90 percent of its citizens—treatment which the Head of the Catholic Church, who, whatever opinion non-Catholics may hold of his religious claims, ordinarily does not make such grave statements as were issued in his name by his Secretary of State either hastily or without some foundation, declares to be the worst persecution in all history.

The Christian Register, a "journal of free churches," edited by that well-known author, Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach, after quoting the legislation enacted against the Church in Mexico, says:

> This represents an almost incredible assumption of authority of the state over the Church, and it could not possibly have been done without the consent of the people, virtually all of whom are themselves Roman Catholics.

This assumption that the Catholics in Mexico themselves consent to the persecution is typical of a point of view expressed by other non-Catholic periodicals. It does not take into account the fact that the present government in Mexico is practically a dictatorship, not a representative administration. Instead of consenting to the anti-religious enactments of their government, our claim is that the great majority of Mexicans utterly condemn and deplore it; but their voice is not heard because it is strangled by the censorship of the press, and by restrictive measures against individuals and groups as severe as any ever employed by tyrants anywhere or at any time. But if the Christian Register is right in its assumption, let that be determined, together with all other relative facts, by a thorough and impartial investigation.

We invite the consideration of these proposals by those to whom they are addressed.

CANADA QUESTIONS MEXICO

By ERNEST F. BODDINGTON

WHEN, a little more than a month ago, the Right Reverend Michael F. Fallon, Bishop of London, Ontario, wrote an open letter to Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Premier, demanding an explanation of the recent visit to Mexico of Sir Henry Thornton, general manager of the Canadian National Railways, he used language which was, to say the least, emphatic. However, it is doubtful if he realized how far-reaching as well as immediate would be the results of his communication. In asking why this government servant should have been loaned for purposes of consultation and advice on Mexican railroad problems to "the society of robbers and murderers who now form the government of Mexico," the Bishop demanded to know why the Catholics of Canada, who form 40 percent of the population of the dominion, and equally with other citizens pay the salary of Sir Henry, should have been deliberately affronted.

Mr. Mackenzie King, having first asserted that this letter did not call for a personal reply, proceeded to reply to it in a manner which he thought would please the Canadian public. He announced that the government had had no more to do with the acceptance by Sir Henry of the invitation than the United States government had to do with the acceptance of the invitation extended to Colonel Lindbergh. It was, he said, a trip made for good-will, "something for which there is the highest authority, as regards the actions both of men and nations."

But the Prime Minister was soon to find that, whatever his own satisfaction might be in throwing his version of the words of the heavenly army in the face of an ecclesiastic whose interpretation of the message did not direct him to peace with "robbers and murderers" as men of good-will, the reply failed, as a whole, in the estimation of editors and political leaders, because it neglected to answer the plain question that had been put. Colonel Lindbergh was not on the payroll of the United States when he took off for Mexico City; Sir Henry Thornton was being paid by the taxpayers of Canada, nearly half of whom were Catholics. Moreover, he was being paid to run their government railroads for them and not to help out the management of the Mexican roads.

Nevertheless, while the reply drew some more or less caustic comment, the Premier had reason to hope that his red herring reference to Lindbergh, a popular

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hero in Canada as in the United States, would divert public notice from the fact that he had not answered the Bishop's question concerning the influences which had projected Sir Henry's trip. Suddenly, however, Señor L. Medina Barron, the Mexican consul in Toronto, decided to take a hand in the controversy. His idea of making matters plain was to explain the first letter of Bishop Fallon by asserting that

> All the world is realizing that the Roman Catholic Church has been for many centuries a handicap to the development and progress of the Latin-American countries, on account of the teaching of obscurantism, to keep the masses in slavery and be able better to exploit them, rather than to teach the pure principles of religion.

Then the day-dream of the Prime Minister was shattered. Here, from the mouth of the official representative of Mexico in Canada, was insult direct; here was excuse for robbery and murder such as few thought even a Mexican government official would have dared to advance. From end to end of the country mass meetings voiced indignant protest. Nor were these solely meetings sponsored by religious organizations. In Ottawa, a meeting of Conservative voters adopted the following resolutions:

> Whereas more than 40 percent of the Canadian population are of the Catholic faith,
>
> And whereas the Catholic citizens of Canada have a right to expect from the government protection against any foreigner coming into this country to disturb religious peace,
>
> And whereas 69 of the 116 Liberal members of the federal government are Catholics,
>
> It is resolved that the Prime Minister, the Right Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King, ask the Mexican government to recall its consul for having insulted the faith of a large number of Canadian citizens.

But if members of the party now in opposition in Canada express themselves vigorously on the subject of the consul's remarks, their protests are mild compared with those which Mr. Mackenzie King may expect from members of his own political household. Charles Marcil, Liberal member of Parliament for Bonaventure, who for several years was Speaker of the House, has given notice of a motion at the approaching session of the Commons which demands the immediate recall of Señor Barron, expresses regret that Sir Henry Thornton should have made his "uncalled-for" trip to Mexico and recommends that Canada discontinue all further intercourse with Mexico until the policy of persecution of Catholics in that country is terminated.

Much significance attaches to this action of the member for Bonaventure, for not only has he held high office, but he has always been known as an advanced Liberal. He was prominent in the campaign in Quebec in which the Manitoba school question was an issue, when members of his party failed to receive the approval of the hierarchy of that province. He makes it clear that he is still a staunch Liberal, and, incidentally, a warm personal friend of Sir Henry Thornton. But he says:

> Canada, as the leading dominion of the British empire, must, for the self-respect of its own people, cut lose from Mexico so long as the present policy is pursued. We are living in an age in which all creeds are entitled to respect, and as a Liberal and as a Roman Catholic, I am prepared to uphold that doctrine with all my strength, and with the approval, I am satisfied, of the immense majority of all Canada.

As a despatch to the World from Toronto remarks on the subject:

> There is so much dynamite lying loose around the issue that anything is possible.

Le Droit, a newspaper printed in French, makes this declaration:

> The attitude of the Canadian government [in sending Sir Henry Thornton to Mexico] will be forcefully resented by all the Catholics of the dominion who suffer at the spectacle of their Mexican brothers being martyred for hate of the religion of Christ.

Meanwhile, since the Premier has not seen fit to disclose to Bishop Fallon any explanation of the visit of Sir Henry Thornton to Mexico, other than that it was a gesture of good-will, the newspapers have endeavored to furnish the information sought. The Ottawa Journal announces flatly that the head of the Canadian National system did not go to Mexico City to look over the railroad situation and suggest what improvements could be made, but to make an appraisal of the Mexican roads with a view to their sale by the Calles government to a group of Canadian capitalists.

This group already has large interests in many public utilities corporations in Mexico. For example, the Mexican Tramways Company, with a capital stock of $30,000,000, has its head office at 357 Bay Street, Toronto. This company, with Robert C. Brown of Toronto as president, controls also the Mexican Light and Power Company, the Mexican Electric Light Company, the Pachuca Light and Power Company, the Mexican Electric Tramways and the Mexican Southern Power Company. The desire to sell the railroads, according to the Journal, arises from the fact that a debt of $2,500,000 was secured by the Calles government to Morgan and Company by the consular fees; and fearing that a sum amounting to more than $2,000,000 under control of the Mexican consular office in New York might be attached by the Morgan firm, Calles quietly arranged for all the funds at this office to be transferred to the Bank of Montreal. Then, to raise money, which is badly needed by the Calles government, and to have the ownership of the railroads in hands other than those of Americans to whom money was due, the proposal was made that Sir Henry Thornton visit Mexico City and make an appraisal of the properties offered for sale.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THOMAS HARDY AS I KNEW HIM

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

I SUPPOSE it is a curious thing that one who, like myself, had been a close student of Hardy's novels almost from their earliest appearance, should never have suspected that the places which were described in the books were anything but products of the author's imagination. Nevertheless I well remember years ago, when bicycling through Dorset for the first time, the curious feeling which came over me that I had been in just that very place before. The hallucination is familiar to everybody and various explanations have been given of it, but in this case there was a perfectly natural explanation which soon occurred to me—namely that I had been there in the pages of what I have always believed to be Hardy's masterpiece, The Return of the Native. It was Egdon Heath (though that is not the geographer's name for the district) through which I was riding.

It was a wonderful testimony to the fidelity of Hardy's description of places. Since that day I have traversed every part of his country and seen every spot described in his books, and I have never ceased to marvel at the amazing accuracy of his pen-pictures, whether of houses, such as that in which Bathsheba Everdene of Far from the Madding Crowd lived, or of districts like the wonderful description of the Vale of Great Dairies in Tess. These wanderings were first taken in hand for my own pleasure but later the idea of making a book out of them entered my mind. Then I discovered that my friend Mr. E. H. New, the well-known black-and-white artist, was a rabid Hardyite also, and the scheme was complete and finally carried out.

But in order to carry it out completely (as was done in the end, for no spot in the novels is omitted) it soon became obvious that help must be obtained from the novelist himself, if that were possible. Nothing could have been kinder than his response, which was followed by an invitation to his house and thus by a friendship very gratifying to one, at least, of the participants.

Hardy's father was what is called in Dorset a "tranter," i. e., a hauler of bricks, lime, coal and the like. But in addition to that he was a builder in a small way and that, I suppose, was what determined Hardy's choice of a profession. Father, mother and son lived in a tiny cottage not far from Dorchester (the Casterbridge of the novels) about which everybody has read, or can read, in Under the Greenwood Tree, the most autobiographical of all the novels; the tree, I suppose, still stands shading the little schoolhouse in which Fancy Day instructed the local youth. When I knew Hardy, his mother, who subsequently died at the age of ninety-one, inhabited this cottage, and I recall his asking me not to give the real name of the place in the book, saying that he liked to be undisturbed when he went over to see his mother. At any rate Hardy was educated as an architect and that fact peeps out in his books. What a modern young woman would think of a young man who said that her mouth was like a cyma recta or an ogee arch I do not know, though I doubt that the experiment is one which it would be quite wise to try with every girl. No one but an architect would have thought of so accurate—for it is that—yet unintelligible—for to the multitude it is that, also—a description of what most would call the Cupid's bow. And Hardy's first literary laurels were gained by an essay On the Use of Terra Cotta in Domestic Architecture, which obtained the gold medal of the Institute of Architects. He was the architect of his own house, named Max Gate, a short distance from Dorchester, and if my recollection serves me rightly there was terra cotta employed there in ornament—a thing which, to me, takes some forgiving.

In the house and in the garden where we usually had tea, Hardy would chat over his books and the places they described. One thing which I learnt from him was that practically all his stories were based on actual occurrences—not merely tales like A Group of Noble Dames and Life's Little Ironies, where one would expect it, but books like Tess of the D'Urbervilles, which he once told me was actual fact in all its essentials. Hardy was a quiet, courteous, somewhat reserved man, but an admirable conversationalist when he was interested, as he was in his beloved Wessex. The first thing anyone says about him is, of course, that he is a pessimist, and no doubt that in a sense is true, and perhaps must be true, of anyone who held—if he really did hold—the horrible philosophy to be met with in his books and summed up once for all in the end of the account of the death of Tess. But perhaps he summed himself up better than anyone else could when he said to me once, "I am so constituted that, when it begins to rain, I find it impossible to believe it will ever be fine again." That might be a quotation from many of his characters in any of his books, but it came directly from his own lips.

Sometimes he amused me when I asked him about the true ascription of some place by saying, "I have forgotten—where do you think it is?" and meeting my reply with "I daresay you are right." And once I amused him and drew a laugh—not too frequent an occurrence—when I told him that I had just been to visit Marygreen, one of the chief places in Jude the Obscure.

"How did you find out that place?" he asked with evident surprise; and indeed it is located in an exceedingly remote and out-of-the-way spot.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I replied: "I have discovered that one of your plans is to give the real name of the place you are describing to a character and a fictitious one to the place itself."

"How curious," he said, "that none of my critics ever noticed that point." And I proceeded to tell him that I had searched the map of the district where it was obvious that Marygreen must be for any place named Fawley—that being Jude's name; found such a spot; went off to it on my bicycle; at once recognized it by the description, and clinched the fact by finding in the graveyard the tombs of a number of Hardy's forbears, that being the thread which connected him with such an out-of-the-way village.

Here, as everywhere, the place and its surroundings were described with such accuracy that one could imagine from the spot where they must have stood, exactly what the buildings which never had been, save in the novelist's imagination, must have looked like. At the edge of Egdon Heath, on the opposite side of the road to The Quiet Woman—though that is not the real name of the real inn—and under that ancient barrow which he describes in The Return of the Native, there is a kind of outstanding platform jutting from the moor. There is no house on it nor ever has been, but it is impossible to stand there and not believe that the cottage in which Mrs. Yeobright and her son lived has been removed from the spot where Hardy placed it in imagination.

Perhaps a personal recollection will show the accuracy of his descriptions and the extraordinary interest which they arouse in many readers' minds. After my book, Wessex of Thomas Hardy, appeared I received a letter from a complete stranger, a lady living in the state of New York, asking me several questions—among others, whether I had not fallen into error by saying that such a house was on the right-hand side of the road, whereas it was really on the left. I replied that the lady was right and added the remark that she must have traveled the country very carefully. When thanking me for my letter she said that she had never been in England, but that she was so absorbed in Hardy that she had procured all the six-inch ordnance maps of the country and made a close study—and close indeed it must have been—of the whole district. Afterward she did visit England and my home, and since I came to live on this side of the Atlantic, the friendship, begun by Hardy, has been continued as one of the most valuable of the social relationships of my life.

Space will not permit saying a fraction of all that might be said, but two points I cannot refrain from alluding to. Hardy's first novel was Desperate Remedies, a book which fell practically dead from the press. Deservedly so, perhaps, though readers may detect in it the seeds of his later greatness.

Under the Greenwood Tree, a later comer, did not at first succeed, and a curious story is told of what caused its emergence from comparative obscurity. At the time of its publication there was a very well-known English journalist named Greenwood—better known by his pseudonym of "the Amateur Casual," which he took from the fact that he was the first newspaperman to inaugurate the idea of actually sleeping in doss-houses, workhouses and the like in order to give reality to the articles which he wrote upon them. Greenwood saw his own name on the side of a novel on a railway book-stall; bought it to read in the train; saw its excellence; and wrote what he thought of it in the papers, with the natural result. As to Far from the Madding Crowd, second, in my estimation, only to The Return of the Native, that appeared serially in some magazine where I remember reading it for the first time. Some of the critics claimed that it was really the work of George Eliot wishful to ascertain by anonymity whether her reputation was genuine. The critics had not seen that a much brighter star than that of the author of Adam Bede had swung above the horizon. Such are some of the stories which I remember of Hardy nearly fifty years ago, and as stories I give them.

A word must be said of the poems which in his heart of hearts I think Hardy valued beyond the novels, whatever the reading public may decide on that point. Hardy never wrote a novel after Jude the Obscure; he was annoyed, it was said, by the criticisms which appeared of that strange, powerful book. He devoted himself to poetry and I recollect calling on him to show him the map of Wessex which Mr. New had drawn under my instructions, and which appears in my book. Mr. New had lettered it in the corner The Wessex of the Novels. I asked Mr. Hardy whether there were any changes which he desired should be made in the map. With a little hesitation, he said, "Would you mind putting 'and Poems' after the word 'Novels'?"

The request of course was acceded to, and so the map stands today.

And now at the ripe age of eighty-seven Hardy is dead, and the last great Victorian figure makes his last progress to Westminster Abbey, a fitting resting place for such a man. His great contemporary, George Meredith, predeceased him by a number of years—in fact, the centenary of Meredith's birth occurs on the thirteenth of this very February. Much has been written as to their respective places in literature and time alone will solve that question. "Thackeray has style and Meredith has a style," a critic once wrote, and as style, as another critic has said, is the true antiseptic, Hardy can never die. Nor, in my opinion, can Meredith. But the two men take different lines. Meredith seldom or never attempts the description of scenery or places, and seldom, too, devotes his attention to rustics, though "Mar's'r Gammon" might find a place in any of Hardy's books. Wessex scenery and Wessex peasantry are Hardy's material and the present writer who knows both intimately can testify to the splendid accuracy with which he depicts them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EUROPE'S SPIRITUAL DILEMMA

II. THE VOCATION OF THE WEST

By HENRI MASSIS

IF WE cast an eye over Europe as it is today, bruised in mind and body, it seems to us that what makes it one is a unity of suffering. And beneath the sombre frenzies of a world that appears, at first, only to desire to "enjoy vehemently what will belong tomorrow to others," we discern more or less confused movements toward the reëstablishment of order.

The West is beginning to be aware of its malady, and at the same time humility seems to be returning to it. It no longer has a mad pride in progress, and the qualms of conscience troubling it cover an immense desire for spiritual liberation. Such tendencies, if undirected, would lead us back to the barbarianism that is already seeking to take advantage of their vagueness to capture them; but, brought within the higher order of intelligence, they would restore to the western world which is perishing for lack of faith in transcendent truth, the promise of its civilizing destinies.

The message of the East is presented to us as a return to our lost spirituality; it is a conception of wisdom that is urged against the West, exhausted by the struggle and emptied of its faith. If we think that the "celestial songs" of Râdhâ and of Krishna are calculated only to disorganize men's souls and to hasten their decay; if we do not look for our salvation to a wisdom ignorant of the true life of the spirit; if, moreover, too many signs lead us to fear that the pseudo-oriental doctrines enlisted in the service of the powers of disorder are only the first message of barbarianism, does that mean that there is nothing in the "appeals of the East" upon which we may meditate? If they have any meaning deserving of attention, these counsels urge us to return to that Catholic spirituality in which we shall find the moral unity which, for a civilization, is the most necessary of all qualities.

For we are in agreement with those who affirm that modern civilization is the great vice, that it makes of material well-being the one aim of life, that it does not concern itself with the needs of the soul, that it infatuates Europeans and corrupts Orientals, and that it enslaves them to money, rendering them incapable of peace and internal leisure. It is a good thing that this protest should be raised and that these things should be said to the West. But whence proceeds this disorder and what are its causes, and must it be from Gandhi that the word of truth comes to us? "Europe," he says, "is not Christian."

A well-balanced mind would conclude from this: "Europe and the world must be re-Christianized." But this is not the path taken by the proselytes of Asiaticism. They dream only of exposing us to its strange cosmogonies, and that at the very time when the East is sinking into the quicksand of nationalistic fanaticism, when it is succumbing to the new needs created by western technology.

For Asia is as remote as Europe from its sources of spiritual integrity. Both here and there an exchange has been made of what Coomaraswamy terms "wisdom which is unity for the knowledge of multiple things." Both here and there disappointed souls are in search of spirituality. It is to be wished that the colloquy that is beginning between the East and the West, amid the disorders of our suffering planet, may serve to prepare the way of reconciliation in Christianity which alone can recreate human unity.

A thing worthy of remark: there is not one of the diatribes of the propagandists of the East against European materialism that does not also praise mediaeval Europe, the Christian civilization of the thirteenth century, when (again to quote Coomaraswamy) "the creative will of man, soaring beyond the frontiers of the individual, endeavored to establish an order of the external world that would correspond with the universal order of the world of eternity." For him who understands aright, and can disentangle it from the hostile aims it conceals, this is a counsel of traditionalism the East gives to the West. A rehabilitation of the past is what it proposes to itself: it would follow the development of its own beliefs, understand and love what it has left behind it, and find in this the foundation of its strength and its future.

We do not think otherwise. It is not, therefore, the oriental ideal and the western ideal that should be confronted with one another, but the ideal of the middle-ages with the modern ideal, the ideal of perfection and unity with that of "progress" and sundering force. Nothing, for that matter, is more revelatory, in these times of universal dissolution, than that nostalgia for the middle-ages, that regret for the fine order of Christendom, that desire to reinvent, on the model they offer us, a true civilization of a universal character. Whether they believe a revival of its principles possible or impossible, men of the most varied turn of mind, as different as Keyserling and Maurras, Berdiaev and Chesterton, to cite only these, are looking back today on this great organic epoch.

What do the most realistic of politicians tell us? "Before being a Frenchman, an Italian, an Englishman or a German, the man of the middle-ages was a citizen of a general civilization, which had its language, its mind, its manners, its faith, its science, its art, its feelings for things, with no concern for the boundaries of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

states. This was, it is no longer. We have had, but we have lost, human unity." Since then, in fact, the different elements of the European body, no longer dominated by the beneficent authority of the Church, have become strangers one to another. Deprived of its maternal protection they are the prey of their divergences, with no other brake than the insufficient equilibrium determined by their own antagonisms. These cruel, inevitable results, which day by day are becoming clearer to a world that day by day is becoming weaker, no one now dreams of refusing to acknowledge.

But what is the use of pointing out that there is no longer any hierarchy among men, that instinct is everywhere denying to intelligence its primacy, and that, like the modern individual, the Europe of today is given up to the anarchy of its multiform and rival tendencies, if people obstinately and of deliberate intent shut their eyes to the origin of these misdoings? We cannot help it, the worshippers of evolution, the most frivolous species of believers, will say. But we can first of all stop pretending that the human race has won, when, in point of fact, it has lost; we can especially refrain from exhibiting as a sign of its growth and its progress that which is really the cause of its rupture and its decadence. And it is only simple and ordinary wisdom to try to discover at what moment and under the influence of what ideas the deviation from its destiny took place; and this wisdom also requires us to go back beyond this point of historical rupture, in order to become better acquainted with the principles of civilization from which humanity turned away.

Finally, we must also penetrate the secret of that era of culture which attained in the thirteenth century its loftiest expression, its brightest vigor, not in order to return to an age that is accomplished, but in order to discover "whether the human direction which it took was not the right one." Therefore it would be advisable to appraise its work objectively, to learn the value of its religious, philosophical and social doctrines, and to seek the reason of its marvelous progress that was stopped when in full flight. For the middle-ages are perhaps greater by what they might have done than by what they did do, and left unfinished. They remain and stand before us, in Chesterton's words, "as one of the great possibilities of history."

This is the meaning of that return to a new mediaevalism which, under very different forms, nowadays occupies the thoughts of the European élite. It is a living problem with which we are faced. In it may be discerned a need for Catholicity, ecumenism, a will to reconquer those great benefits of which we are deprived. It is entirely reasonable to make a preliminary examination of an age that enjoyed these inestimable advantages for there is no question here of an absurd attempt to imitate and repeat, but of an active idea; and if we seek in the past a firm point of departure, it is in order to go farther.

A sterile century, in order to dispel its anxieties and to still its uneasiness, may dream of returning to the traditions of ancient times, and of finding vague substitutes for uncertain faith in a reconciliation of beliefs in "a vast theme of eternal religion." But creative epochs loathe these dilettante games. We are hungering for an authentic unity. But there is no veritable unity without an objective basis that the intelligence alone can furnish. Tradition is impotent to motivate our choice, or to determine us of necessity. The Asiatics invoke tradition in order to recreate themselves in the ideal of their race; bolshevist Russia claims to be going back to tradition and to be carrying on the work interrupted by Peter the Great, setting up her own convenience as common law; Mussolini's Italy bases her aspirations after the "primato" on the marvelous examples of antiquity and the renaissance; and even the Germany of the captains of industry has dreams of reviving the Holy Germanic Empire. Everywhere there is this same appetite for cultural universality; but nowhere a purpose that commands it and directs its movements.

Wherever the belief in an external authority is incomplete or faltering, such desires can engender only immense divagations and profound dissidences. And what positive contribution could an appeal to traditions so divergent bring to the solution of a problem that confronts the whole world and not a single race or a single continent only? None of them could prevail and establish the truth which alone contains and necessitates everything.

Because it is the Church of truth, and it connects natural law with the eternal law which is in God, the Catholic Church seems to us the sole power capable of restoring true civilization. We have no need to humanize it in order to recognize what the human race may still expect of it. The ultimate ends it proposes are not of this world; but indirectly this world derives benefit from them. It is from its very divinity, from its spirit that transcends every carnal and terrestrial interest, that we expect these happy consequences for the common good of society. Though its integral unity springs from its spirituality, though its powers are ordained essentially for the sanctification of souls and their salvation, the great principles of order and of stability of social life are indebted to it, nevertheless, for having defended them with constant energy and efficacy wherever its magistracy extends. Far from opposing these interests, it harmonizes them, for that unique competence it shows in the understanding and organization of human things is, so to speak, exacted by what Clérissac, in Le Mystère de l'Eglise, terms "its universal maternity and its mission of enlightenment." Therefore the Christian City, established on supernatural truths, edified and penetrated by the life and spirit of Jesus Christ, removes all differences of nationality, culture, race and environment.

But does it not appear, in so far as our mind is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capable of judging, that God has assigned to Europe the part of spreading little by little over the earth the advantages of Christian civilization? And it is because she has failed of her vocation, because she now understands it only in a material, profane and usurping manner, that we must, first of all, defend her against herself, and place her once more under the conditions necessary for her own salvation.

All those who are uneasy over the destiny of the wounded West feel that, before the threatening powers of Asia, the holy fire of the religious spirit must be rekindled. European anarchy is due to the absence of a predominant system that unites men's minds in a single communion of ideas. Without a common truth, nothing can be undertaken against what is attacking the very foundations of civilization. For though Europe has tamed the barbarian nations, though she victoriously repulsed the Mussulman invasions, though in everything that does honor to humanity she has constantly and everywhere shown herself a guide and mistress, nobody now doubts that she is indebted for it all to the religion that enabled her to undertake and accomplish these great things. It is no longer denied that this beneficent work, which gave promise of continual progress, was interrupted by a dividing doctrine that, by breaking the unity of thought, broke the unity of human society. Since the Reformation, Europe has carried within herself the causes of discord, and has not ceased to exhaust her strength in internecine struggles and wars. No longer the bearer of a word valid for all men, her civilizing work was compromised at the same time.

When an organic being decays and becomes corrupt, it means that it has ceased to function under the action of the causes that gave it its constitution and its form. There is no doubt that we must submit it once more to their vitalizing action if we desire it to recover the conditions of prosperity. If the West is in danger of perishing by what it thought was its life, it is because it has withdrawn from the salutary action of Christianity, which alone can preserve for it solidity of existence and fruitfulness in results.

Some seek to recreate European unity on a kind of transcendent materialism. Europe has had her fill of these chimerical constructors or of these self-styled realistic technicians. What she lacks is saints, those great saints like Vincent Ferrer, as the middle-ages knew them at the difficult and obscure periods of Christendom, whose asceticism and political genius could sway even the Popes themselves. And men dream of a new religious order which will spring up, as of yore, from the deep necessities of the time, which will storm men's hearts, reawaken their minds to the word of Christ and recivilize our world, for it is from within and from above that the life of the soul must be replenished.

If we speak here of the Church only as a divine institution to be defended, and dwell only on the fate of Christian civilization in terms of reason and history, it is not merely our own threatened inheritance, the source of our historical formation, that we seek to protect. We are not defending Catholicism for the West, as Buddhism might be defended for China; we are not setting up one civilization against another civilization; we are defending the Church because it is the truth, and because it has the living Word which will cure all the nations. And, though we combat heresies and errors that seek to oust its doctrine, though it seems to us seasonable to uphold for this purpose the privileges of Greco-Latin culture, this is because that culture alone can assure the rational equilibrium and universality of the intelligence, and because it has thus been able to furnish the supernatural life of the Church with the means used by theological wisdom, the nurse and protectress of the Faith.

In a century in which rivalries of races and cultures run riot, the Catholic Church is the only institution which embodies a spiritual internationalism, establishes in the love of the Living God a universal kinship, and possesses an ecumenical jurisprudence founded on law and Revelation. If we insist on its historical rôle as the organizer of the West, it is because our civilization has need of it in order to rediscover, with the integrity of its being, the secret of its apostolic force. But we do not restrict its message, which is addressed to the whole human race.

Therefore Catholicism as Gonzague de Reynold, in Civilisation et Catholicisme, has well put it, is "the only possible assimilator of the Asiatic genius, and for the Asiatic genius the sole valid interpreter of western thought." In spite of all the obstacles we have indicated, there can be no doubt that the eastern world has many points that lie open to Christianity; and though these preparations and expectations must be sought elsewhere than in the pamphlets of the propagandists of the East, nevertheless preparations and beginnings exist, still buried under the errors of the mind. But the Church is divine enough to discern and foster what there is of natural desire for truth in the native wisdom of Asia, for truth is never radically destroyed in any man. It is our duty to bear witness to it, in order to assist it to know itself, and this without any metaphysical compromise or faltering of doctrine.

For the rest, there is no question of Latinizing Asia, but of Christianizing her, carrying to her a Christianity which is not identified with perishable forms of life, a universal Christianity, stripped of all national garments, a pure Catholicism, that is to say, one same love, one unique tradition and one same truth. Christ alone, placed at the centre of everything, can reconcile the East and the West.

We know not when nor how the union desired by Christ will be realized. But it suffices that He has wished it to be realized. And if we must restore the integrity of our Europe and defend it against all that threatens it, it is so that the citadel may be intact whence shall start the missionaries who will extend the Kingdom of God to the confines of the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LEAGUE AND THE PAPACY: III

By GONZAGUE DE REYNOLD

A MATTER that is beginning to concern Catholics vitally is the preparation of youth at their own universities for international careers. For beside all other liberal professions, an international career exists today. At the Secretariat-General of the League of Nations alone there are more than 400 functionaries, and the same number at the International Bureau of Labor. Seventy are employed at the International Institute of Intellectual Coöperation. When we add the permanent functionaries of the International Court, those who are employed by private and unofficial groups such as the various associations for the League of Nations, the Interparliamentary Union, etc., we are not far wrong in reckoning these positions at from 1,500 to 2,000, and the number grows daily. As they are generally very well paid, candidates present themselves in a measure largely exceeding the demand, and the conditions for admission are being made more and more stringent. Already a knowledge of foreign languages and a university diploma is exacted, tomorrow a special diploma will be necessary.

To provide this diploma, a course at the Institute for Higher International Studies has recently been opened. It is endowed by the Laura Spellman-Rockefeller Memorial, by the canton of Geneva and the Swiss Confederation. It is independent of the University of Geneva and the League of Nations, but is designed to work in close coöperation with both. Its aim is to develop specialists in all international matters and to train them by rigidly practical methods. For the period of a year, students are to devote themselves to work upon the League of Nations in the juridical, economic and political spheres. At the end of the course the Institute will confer a special diploma.

Naturally this institution seems destined to become the training ground from which future functionaries of the League of Nations will be drawn. And a question naturally arises. What about Catholic candidates for these much-sought-after posts? Whatever respect and sympathy we may feel for the teaching staff of the Institute, we are forced to admit that its atmosphere is far from being a Catholic one. We seek vainly for a Catholic name either in the council of administration or among professors and lecturers. It is not unduly alarmist to foresee that if our students enter the Institute, the education they receive will be one likely to do violence, if not to their faith, at least to more than one of their principles. While if they do not possess the famous diploma, it is not an unnatural conclusion that they will see those who do possess it preferred to them whenever they present themselves to fill some international post.

Herein lies a lesson for our Catholic universities and our institutions of higher learning. It is for them to develop the study of international law in its most practical form, to add the study of languages, of economic questions, of history, and, by basing these studies firmly on philosophy, to supply that force which the Institute at Geneva does not possess—because it will have none of it—the force of principle. If this is done it should not be difficult to create a diploma and so open a career to our students which it is neither just nor wise to deny them.

So long as the Holy See and the League of Nations have no official relations, the action Catholics can take will always be hampered and delayed. It will remain reduced to the private initiative of individual Catholics, who act upon their own responsibility, at their own risk and peril, unsupported by ecclesiastical authority, and in danger even of finding themselves disavowed, when the case seems to demand such action. This has been the experience for seven years of the Catholic Union of International Studies.

Despite the limited—not to say exiguous—resources of which it disposes, the Union has contrived, within seven years, to become a force with which international groups and the League of Nations itself is forced to reckon. It comprises eleven international sections—Germany, Austria, Belgium, France, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia; four major international commissions—namely, those for intellectual coöperation, humanitarian causes, Catholic minorities, juridical and doctrinal questions; and a permanent secretariat at Fribourg. Here a great deal of work is being modestly and quietly done. It has nothing to do with any propaganda in favor of the League of Nations carried on in Catholic circles. But it examines every variety of international question in the light of Christian principles, and strives to defend our principles, our interests and our institutions before the League of Nations and in the various international bodies dependent in one way or another upon the League. Composed of an intellectual élite whose numbers are growing, and addressing itself to an élite, the Union derives its main force from the individual action of its members. It is a neutral ground upon which Catholics may come together, Catholics of different races and of different tendencies, but one and all determined to serve the Church as the Church is accustomed to be served, and to fight for it upon the international terrain.

It is not our intention to write the history of the Union (a description of its activities, written by its president emeritus, M. Balinski Jundzill, has already appeared in The Commonweal for December 7, 1927) to give a list of its enterprises, or to recount the striking success it has already gained. We prefer, in clos-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing, to point out what seems missing till now in Catholic effort upon the vast international field opened by the constitution of the League of Nations.

The prime lack is of some centre at Geneva where Catholics who are passing through or who have business with the League can meet together or apply for necessary information. Geneva today is the seat of forty-seven international organizations. The Freemasons, the Quakers, the Zionists—and how many others—each possess theirs. The Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work, more commonly known as the Conference of Stockholm, is preparing to open a vast institute. Only Catholics, it seems, are condemned to have no stone on which to lay their heads.

The initiative which the League of Nations has taken in such humanitarian concerns as the protection of childhood and adolescence, the drug traffic, the relics of slavery, the white slave traffic, obscene publications, international relief in case of calamities, etc., is excellent in itself, but holds a danger. Its tendency is to suppress personal initiative and to remit all charitable action into the hands of governments. It may conceivably even become a menace for many of our own Catholic institutions. But we shall never obtain the consideration which is our due from the League through individual action. We must learn to combine and to intervene when necessary in corporate fashion, as the other, non-Catholic associations have been doing for years.

Above all is it necessary that our universities, our institutes of higher learning, our scientific establishments, our learned societies, our Catholic writers, should begin to interest themselves in the matter of intellectual coöperation, and take the first step by combination among themselves. Some such coöperation among Catholic journalists is an urgent matter, long overdue.

Many Catholics belong to one or another of the national associations that are attached to the League of Nations. From lack of knowledge, of union and harmony, they are led where they should be leading. They even find themselves endorsing resolutions which we are forced subsequently to combat.

Finally, it is to be recognized that the League of Nations is an institution open to anyone who wishes to enter it and to work in it. But entrance must be made by the main portal, and not by the back door of compromise. He who enters has a right to contribute his personality, his force of conviction, his prejudices, if you will, and to carry, openly unfurled, the banner under which he is spiritually enrolled. Once more, we refuse to admit that the League of Nations can remain indefinitely withdrawn from Catholic influence. But in order to make that influence felt we must know how to organize ourselves much better than is the actual case. And Catholics must not hold back and deny their mass support to those of their own body who have already begun to organize. This is the lesson that our adversaries teach us every day.

SAINT HILDA GUILD

By W. G. BOWDOIN

ECCLESIASTICAL vestments have always played an important part in the service of the Church. The object of their use is to add dignity and honor to the service in which they are employed, and they have come down to us in an unbroken tradition. There have been modifications in the art which they illustrate, it is true, but their use has been continuous. Examples of famous vestments hold honored places in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and other museums.

East and West developed along different lines but both from the same source. In the West there are clearly defined forms and usages. Deviations to the bad have admittedly crept in, but this occurs in all branches of ecclesiastical art.

Inspired by the great revival spirit that is doing so much to restore correctness and beauty in this province in England and on the continent generally, Saint Hilda Guild was established in New York in 1914, to promulgate the good work in this country. It stands for an ideal, in season and out of season, and that is to supply only what is right and proper in the way of churchly vesture for the various religious bodies making use of such appointments. Its objective is primarily to raise the standard of church art. The idea of profit is merely incidental. Associated with the Guild are architects and artists who are available for conference with regard to the building, decoration and equipment of churches and other places of worship.

The directors of Saint Hilda Guild, Incorporated, are: Ralph Adams Cram, the noted American church architect, president; Reverend T. Lawrason Riggs and Reverend Joseph Patton McComas, vice-presidents; Wilfrid E. Anthony, secretary; Thomas L. Raymond, treasurer; Mrs. A. G. Connett, assistant treasurer; John G. Agar and Miss Harriet Philips Bronson.

The Guild's fourteenth annual exhibition of church vestments, ecclesiastical embroidery, altar linen and other similar material was held during the last week of January at its headquarters at 131 East 47th Street, New York, N. Y.

Like all of the exhibitions previously held by the Guild, it was of pronounced educational value. Only models of historical and correct forms are accepted for exhibition.

The exhibits serve to show something of the symbolism of early ritual and of color. The later subject alone is very extensive. The white frontal denoting the purity and holiness of Our Lord, and our own joy, the bright red employed on martyrs' days, the purple of seasons of penitence, such as Lent, are all visualized in the Guild exhibitions. Moreover, the Guild constantly features loan exhibitions from various parts of the country. Old Trinity, of New York, Saint Ignatius Loyola, of New York, Saint Anne's, of the Bronx, Saint Mary's, of Brooklyn, Our Lady of Good Counsel, of Newark, and Saint Paul's Monastery, of Pittsburgh, were thus represented by work done by the Guild, in the recent showing. All these tend to familiarize visitors with ecclesiastical vestments and church decoration. In this sense the Guild exhibitions are academic and deserving of popular support.

The organization has in recent years specialized in transferring old embroideries to new materials. Classical designs are thus preserved and old patterns are given new leases of life.

The vestments and embroideries produced by the Guild have been widely distributed throughout the country. They are made in the Guild workrooms by workers who must have an innate love for their art, and, following that, an adequate instruction in craftsmanship. All the embroideries produced are executed under expert supervision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS

Sortilege

Something of her is all but told
By the voice of the rain.
April spends silver, June spends gold,
That she may laugh again.

She, who is sister to the sun,
And elf-kin to the moon,
Feels in her veins such wild things run
As have to vanish soon.

Once she were captive, everything
This side of far delight
Would of her grace less bravely sing,
Going into the night.

An elegy were her own song,
If once she felt the truth
That stabs and stabs a whole life long,
Stabbing fey scars of youth.

In memory a silver mark,
In faith a shining creed,
She is a bible in the dark
For pagan eyes to read.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

Speculum Vitae

I make my lonely grimace in life's glass,
Then turn away to think there may remain
Some bruise upon it, my revenge for pain
Inflicted. I return to find, alas!
There is no trace which they may see who pass
And know as vengeance—mirrors never deign
To hold impressions: heroes, battle-slain,
Must share like fate with all the common mass.

Yet some day death shall scrape the silver back
From life and I shall see through it to God,
And know that all the pain and toil which rack
The flesh and try the mind, are but a rod
For soul correction of a wayward child
Whose sin is great, whose Father's way is mild.

JOHN MEEHAN.

All the Day Long

All the day long I sat by the window,
By the front window where the wind comes through,
And all the day long I sewed on a piece-quilt
(Sewing on a quilt is an easy thing to do.)
And I sewed a piece of scarlet by a piece of emerald green,
And listened for a horse's hoofs a-clacking down the road,
A piece of yellow here, by a piece of Alice blue,
I listened and I listened; I sewed and sewed.
And just before the sun went down, I ran across the room
To get a piece of lavender—ah, luckless one am I!
Ran to get some lavender to sew beside the pink—
And heard the sound of hoof-beats gallop, gallop by!

DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN.

Thomas Hardy

(1840—1928)

Down leafy Dorset's glooming lane
The pedals whirred—the splashed wheel sped,
Gleamed Marlott's roofs, ashen with rain,
And: "Here she lived," I said.

"Footsore, the road our tires spurn
She trod, the same unwinking moon
That watched her wander and return
Will rise o'er Marlott's gables soon."

Strange—from a world all blush or sneer
For woman's trustfulness entrapped—
Pilgrims should journey, with a tear
For sorrow that had never happed.

Yet take it tribute to your power,
Wizard! with this poor halting rhyme
(So by the compass of one hour
Over and o'er men measure time)

That once a town-bred lass and lad
In Blackmore's vale forbore their wooing,
To brood upon the mystery sad
Of sweet Tess D'Urberville's undoing.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Vigil Lights

The vigil lights are small red prayers that cry
All night to Mary, holding her dead Son.
They glow like vivid embers from the dry
Scorched hearts of human agony, each one.

Lifting its lonely voice above the other,
Breaking upon her grim wild tragedy
With searing crimson words: "Pray for me, Mother!
Oh, pray for me!"

And Mary weeps, and holds with cold stone fingers
The colder body of her dead Desire—
Thinking to warn Him, while the darkness lingers,
At this small human fire.

JESSICA POWERS.

Sea Pastures

The quiet sheep with folded feet
In pastures by the sea
Seem whiter then the dun sheep
Land folk are used to see,

For lying by the blue sea,
On the green sod
Their fleece seems purer white—
Like the Lamb of God,

And the air is better breathing,
More swept and blue and free,
Where quiet sheep with folded feet
Are lying by the sea.

CAROL RYRIE BRINK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The First Stone

THE latest presentation of the Civic Repertory Theatre is The First Stone, the work of a new American playwright named Walter Ferris, the play being based upon a story by Mary Heaton Vorse. It concerns itself with the lives of John and Sarah Peri and their young son and daughter. Essentially it is a study of sin and forgiveness stated in simple terms and with a great deal of human understanding. In fact I do not know when I have seen a play which brings out so clearly the effect of the conduct of parents upon their children, or which indicates more pointedly the obligations in marriage which transcend the personal whims of either husband or wife.

In construction the play is uneven. It fails at times to take full theatrical advantage of the situations it creates, but makes up for this in considerable measure by the sensitive rendering of many individual scenes. On the whole, Miss Le Gallienne's company does very well by it. Her acting company this year is many steps above that of her opening season, chiefly because of the addition of several men to the company who act with considerable vitality and directness, and also because of the presence of Alma Kruger, who, when occasion demands, can be an actress of great power and authority. It is really unfortunate, however, that something cannot be done to improve the diction of Mr. Egon Brecher, upon whose broad shoulders falls a large measure of responsibility in most of the Le Gallienne productions. He is an earnest and capable, although not a brilliant, actor, and one could easily overlook the traces of his foreign accent if he did not combine this with a tendency to slur over entire words and phrases. In the present play he gives an entirely creditable performance as the stern and almost unrelenting John Peri, though the effort to understand what he is saying frequently mars one's pleasure in the performance itself and tends to break down the illusion of the play.

Josephine Hutchinson and Charles McCarthy take the parts of the two children, and do so with great understanding and restraint. Miss Le Gallienne herself plays Sarah, the wife, and gives a performance comparable only to her work in The Good Hope for directness, simplicity and emotional tensity. One of the New York critics has taken recently to making slurring remarks about Miss Le Gallienne's acting ability, while granting her full credit for the generalship she has shown in establishing and running the Civic Repertory Theatre. This offers perhaps as good an occasion as any to consider just what contribution her acting, taken by itself, has made to the American stage. Undoubtedly she is not a great actress—in the sense, that is, of having phenomenal endowments in voice and stage presence. Nor has she what is commonly called "a plastic face." Like Pauline Lord, she is more apt to absorb the character to herself than to transform herself into the character. But she very distinctly has other qualities quite rare in the theatre at the present time. She has perfect ease and poise on the stage, a clear and unforced diction, and the sort of inner tension which can at times break forth with decided power and effect. I have never known her to rant or otherwise to overact in any scene. She has, if anything, the quality of under-statement—a quality which is probably more effective in a small theatre than in the barn-like reaches and on the large stage of the old Fourteenth Street playhouse. Above all, her acting has the quality of genuineness and freedom from affectation. Her ability is far above the "meagre little talent" which the critic in question has described. Moreover this appraisal of her work, as having a very real importance, is made without any allowances for the enormously difficult task she has undertaken of establishing and maintaining a genuine repertory theatre. No one else in New York has succeeded in keeping a theatre going with a permanent company where as many as five different plays are given in one week. The average actor or actress has quite enough difficulty in bringing forth a finished performance after four weeks' intensive study and rehearsal of one play. Miss Le Gallienne and her company must rehearse each new play while constantly performing four or five of the old ones each week. It is high time to say that, under these conditions, the work which Miss Le Gallienne has accomplished, not only in her own performance but in the efforts of her entire company has been nothing short of astonishing. She has done the impossible with the simple courage of an every-day task. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

The Merchant of Venice

MR. WINTHROP AMES invests everything he touches with delicacy and charm. His revival of The Merchant of Venice, as a vehicle for Mr. George Arliss, is in many respects quite equal to the standard he has set, at the opposite pole, to be sure, for his Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. Yet in spite of excellent acting and a much better balanced cast than Shakespeare generally receives, the play does not seem to come very vividly to life.

Perhaps we can afford to be heretical and say that much of the fault lies with the dramatist. Exquisite poetry, rich philosophy and sharp characterization are not enough by themselves to make a great play. The Merchant of Venice falls among those pieces of Shakespeare's which belong more properly in a museum of poetry than on the stage. When Shakespeare wrote tragedy he bent himself to the task of summoning before us the great universal emotions of mankind. His tragedies, for the most part, have superb sweep and power, and even their dull moments, theatrically speaking, are illuminated by a profound insight into the human heart and its torturing problems. When he wrote farce and slapstick comedy, Shakespeare fairly exuded the fun and fury of the theatre. But his gentler comedies seem to be the work essentially of the poet rather than the dramatist. The quality we call stage illusion is frequently enough to bridge over minor improbabilities in a theatrical plot. But The Merchant of Venice is so startlingly and at times grotesquely improbable as to leave us wondering at the legend of importance which still surrounds it. As romantic comedy it falls to pieces. As the tragedy of Shylock, the Jew, it is absurdly overdrawn when it is not cruel.

So far as casting and directing are concerned, Mr. Ames has done an admirable job. Few Shakespearian performances could give the delight one feels at Romney Brent as Launcelot Gobbo, nor could anyone come nearer to making Portia a credible heroine than Peggy Wood, with her simple and unaffected diction and her arch sense of comedy. Of Mr. Arliss's Shylock the observation made by one of the newspaper critics falls true, that it is inclined to be thin. On the other hand, it is aristocratic to the core. Mr. Arliss reached his high

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

point in his exit after the trial scene. He carried with him from the room something of the age-old burden of a race and the dignity of a suffering that could find no words. In general, however, Mr. Arliss disclosed no new-found powers as an actor. He is an artist who has learned how to use rather limited resources to their utmost effect. His performances are always marked by perfection of detail and by effective suavity. But one seldom feels any fire smoldering beneath the surface. On the whole this is about as well-rounded and beautiful a presentation of a very mediocre play as we are likely to see for some time. Those who like The Merchant of Venice for the charm of its poetry and for the sheer beauty of English well spoken will find Mr. Ames's production satisfying and replete with interest. Incidentally, the ingenious and effective settings by Woodman Thompson are a sheer delight. (At the Broadhurst Theatre.)

Reinhardt Produces Schiller

AS THE next to the last production of his New York season, Max Reinhardt has staged for us a revival of Schiller's play, Kabale und Liebe. By way of contrast to his other productions, this play is given without any effort at so-called modern staging methods. It is done, as nearly as one can estimate, in a straight classical manner, with the actors fairly shouting their griefs and joys and tragic heart-burnings in the most approved romantic style. Nevertheless it is a style which fails to carry conviction after the more interesting performances of this group in their well-varied program.

The plot of this famous old play is exceedingly complicated, but it turns for the most part upon the undying love between a young man of high estate and a girl of low estate, and ends in the death of both by poison. This play was the occasion for the first American appearance of Helene Thimig, sister of Hans and Hermann Thimig who have already made so profound an impression by their work of the last few weeks. On the whole, she was somewhat of a disappointment. She seemed to partake too strongly of the mania for exaggerated overacting which seized the entire company. Her staggerings and wanderings around the stage belied all the restraint which we have come to consider a requirement for fine theatrical art. (At the Cosmopolitan Theatre.)

Cock Robin

PHILLIP BARRY and Elmer Rice have put their heads together with the deliberate intention of creating a novel murder mystery. They have succeeded in only one respect, and that is in selecting for the scene of the crime the stage of a little theatre group during a performance given for a local charity. In the first act we are given the amusing episodes of the final rehearsal, through which we begin to gather that underneath the pleasant social exterior lurk many hidden hates and grudges. In the second act we see the same scene during the actual performance, our point of observation being presumably behind the back drop and looking out into the auditorium of the theatre. Everything goes by schedule except that, in the duel scene, one of the actors is killed. The rest of the play is given over to discovering which one of the dozen or more people on the stage committed the murder. As usual, practically everyone is under suspicion. The final solution is interesting even if slightly far-fetched. The best performances are by Beulah Bondi, Howard Freeman and Beatrice Herford. The play is produced and directed by Guthrie McClintic. (At the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre.)

BOOKS

How Should History Be Taught?

Public Opinion and Teaching of History, by B. L. Pierce. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.25.

DR. PIERCE of the faculty of the University of Iowa has done, with diligent and widespread research, a service to education by bringing together the records of attempts to control or mold the teaching of history and social science. The laws enacted to regulate the curriculum so as to require the teaching of history and civics, and to prohibit certain tendencies in such teaching are all set down with page and paragraph references. The proposals and demands for the control of the teaching of these subjects, from the Revolution to the Lusk laws, are outlined. The author sets down the digested facts with little attempt at interpretation of motives.

The book is a model of objective research in the thoroughness of the details presented, but it hardly clarifies the issues involved in the various movements for the control of the teaching of history. The very objectivity of the study tends to obscure the motives for control by lumping proposals of various character together and labeling them alike. The idea is given that whenever a body of people outside of the educators propose the reorganization of the curriculum, or demand additions to the studies, it is an attempt to dominate the teaching for a selfish purpose. Now that may or may not be true. Citizens with the best motives may think the teaching of civics or of the constitution or patriotism essential to the proper conduct of American democracy. They may even organize for the enactment of laws for those purposes. Obviously that is the right of any citizen or group of citizens. The public schools belong to all of us and each individual or group has a right to promote or oppose any program or tendency in education. Likewise an individual finding false statements in a text-book has a right to demand that the truth be taught. Harm can come from such attempts only when the truth is trampled upon, or when it is demanded that myths be continued, or that certain matter be taught falsely in order to cater to private or group desires.

The book under review does not discriminate between the attempts to control for a purpose and those to correct the teaching of history and social science. Yet here is the real issue. It is quite a different matter when the law or public opinion requires the teaching of falsehoods in history in the name of patriotism or prejudice than when the attempt is made to remove untruthful statements and conclusions already being taught. The laws which make criminal offenses of disparagements of the Fathers of the republic, even if the facts stated are true, are in one class, while the effort to eliminate definitely false conclusions are in another. Most of the attempts to control the teaching of history are in the latter class. Errors creep into text-books wittingly and unwittingly, especially into school books of history. Some of these errors come down perpetuated by the skill of great writers. Anyone who would now-a-days insist upon teaching children the history of England as given in Dickens's Child History of England, could not rightfully complain at the attempts to stop the use of the book in public classes. Aside from such inheritances of error we have the march of scholarship. New researches disprove old statements which may nevertheless be continued in the text-books. If one should attempt to remove untruth from text-books, he is performing a service to scholarship, even if he has to resort to the legislature to accomplish it.

One of the text-books used in the public schools in my

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boyhood, from which I gained my only knowledge of early history, made the flat statement that the dark ages were caused by the Roman Catholic Church. Would it be a sinister attempt to control teaching if one were to use every legitimate effort to prevent such statements from being given to children with all the authority of the text-book and the teacher? Another history which I have recently read gives an entirely false account of the Haymarket riots in Chicago following the hysteria created by that unfortunate event. It may be said that such statements should be corrected by the educators. Suppose they are not corrected? Suppose they are continued in elementary text-books from generation to generation? Certainly, objection could not be raised against corrective measures from outside.

The author devotes some pages to the protest made before the middle of the last century by Catholic societies and clergymen against the text-books in elementary history, which were used in the public school of the time, and which, the Catholics complained, gave a false view of the Church. Much light on this point could have been given by the author if she had referred to the pastoral letter of the Catholic bishops of the United States in 1829. The bishops said: "The schoolboy can scarcely find a book in which some one or more of our institutions and practices is not exhibited far otherwise than it really is and greatly to our disadvantage. The entire system of education is thus tinged throughout its whole course and history itself has been distorted to our serious injury." Plainly, efforts to expose and correct errors of the kind mentioned should not be put down in the same class with those efforts which would distort the truth in favor of some private or group interest. At least, both sides of a controverted question should be presented in all fairness.

Let us take another example cited by the author—that of the study of text-books used in civics and economics made by the American Federation of Labor. This study was an attempt to analyze the contents of text-books to determine whether such books were being used as a vehicle to carry the propaganda of big business. Suppose the study found books that condemned labor unions, approved labor injunctions in all cases, failed to uphold old-fashioned civil liberties, or approved the doctrine of compulsory labor. Would there be any real attempt at the control of teaching if such errors were condemned and pressure were used to put books containing such statements out of the schools?

Obviously the questions involved in the subject-matter of this book require more of an analysis than the author has given in the exhaustive but objective presentation of the facts about curricula control through public opinion or legislation. Who is to decide what is to go into books of history to be used by the public schools? Such books must necessarily give but a small part of history. The making of text-books of history as well as of the social sciences is a selective process. Someone must determine what phases are to be selected. The authors of text-books generally do that, but educators and citizens generally are not prohibited from discussing, and if need be condemning, the point of view or the materials presented.

Two standards should be set up in history text-book making. First, nothing should be included in the book that is untrue or misleading. Histories should not be distorted to serve any purpose—not even the purpose of patriotism. Any effort to correct errors in history teaching should be welcomed. History teaching should retain a balance; the truth should be taught but hobbies should not be ridden. Secondly, matter which is clearly necessary to the understanding of the course of history should not be omitted through prejudice, even when the truth is distasteful.

The attempt to enforce these standards by legislation is probably futile because of the impossibility of defining accurately what is demanded. The remedy must come through public opinion among educators and the general public. There can be no harm in agitations which call attention to the errors or omissions of historical or sociological teaching, if such agitations are in good faith and not motivated by politics, as in the New York and Chicago ballyhoos. History teaching must be dependent upon unprejudiced scholarships, and it is to be hoped that more authors like Dr. Pierce may apply themselves to the presentation of history as it should be taught.

JOHN A. LAPP.

Seraph Fellows

Man Possessed, by William Rose Benét. New York: George H. Doran and Company. $2.50.

Dick Turpin's Ride, by Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

THERE are two contemporary poets, Alfred Noyes of England and William Rose Benét of America—who from the point of view of general purpose in their work of creating and propagating the dream, and from the externality of their inspiration, may readily be bracketed together in a summary of their productions.

Alfred Noyes is but slightly the senior in age and slightly the predecessor in first publication, and his work has enjoyed a popularity quite beyond the ordinary cenacles of poetry-lovers, from the days of his rolling lyric, The Barrel-Organ, to the patriotic acclaim in England of his heroic narrative of Drake.

"He is one of the most melodious of modern writers," declares William Lyon Phelps, surely a capable judge of the popularist heart and ear, "with a witchery in words that at its best is irresistible."

Mr. Noyes may ride as far as Roncevaux and sing lovely songs, as in his new volume, on The Visitant, A New Carol and The Grey Spring, yet he inevitably seems to belong to the seventeenth century and that stout little isle before which the world was then learning to tremble. The martial quality, the virility of his visions and dreams, the evasiveness of his emotions, all characterize his work as belonging to the soul of his race at its most typical period.

In William Rose Benét we detect kindred qualities but of a more imperial orbit. The seas and pioneer lands speak to him, not in the tones of homelands and patriotism but in the echoes of a vast hieratic call from the beyond. He sings of the Indias, the Spains, the far Moluccas, the sailors of bearded lips, the golden domes and tinkling caravans out of a fantastic library of recondite books and painted charts and astrolabes. His work contemplates the man in the streets as well as the pale figure in ivory towers: he shouts gruffly where most of our poets will lisp and whisper in satin phrases. His introspection is richer than Alfred Noyes's, more fruitful if less philosophic: we have in him a poet of more than ordinary girth.

Under the title of Man Possessed, the reader will find his poems selected by himself and prefaced by an essay on The Thing Called Poetry, and it is a great advantage for readers to possess a volume which in a way sums up his poetical output and illustrates his literary purposes and methods.

His first published volume, included here under its original title of Merchants From Cathay, aroused the critics of 1913

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to a sense that America possessed a poet with a proper notion of narrative values, of a glowing imagination and fantasy, of fresh perception of old themes as well as of the beauty of incidents not heretofore employed in English poetry. He proved that he could fare afield into foreign ports and return with cargoes over seas and deserts that still glowed with treasure-light in our American daylight. The Falconer of God followed a year later, with an added touch of spiritual romance, a maturer judgment that was not yet confused before the pageantry of his imaginary journeys. In The Great White Wall, The Burglar of the Zodiac and Perpetual Light the spectacle of the poems grows slightly contorted; his ease of delivery is touched by some modern acrobatics, and the fine line of his work becomes rather intricate and experimental in its tendency.

This complete documentation of his genius and methods is supplemented by his confessions of his essay, The Thing Called Poetry—in which he shows the present-day sense of the decline of the old lyric spirit and the spread of the poetical ideal over much that in former times would be characterized as prose matter. He holds up the foolishness of poets who write without apperception as well as direct perception and lifts the banners of literary criticism and art from the dust where so many of our moderns are leaving them. There is wholesome reading for our younger poets and ponderable lessons for thoughtful critics in this valuable and timely book.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Unknown Plot

Roma Sacra: Essays on Christian Rome, by William Barry. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.00.

"SOPRA gli altri come aquila vola" ("Like an eagle he soars above the rest") is such superlative eulogy that applied to any modern litterateur it would appear a mere extravagance or at least invidious praise. Yet in some measure it justly fits Canon Barry in his rôle of historical and literary critic. Whether he discusses Schopenhauer or William James, Origen or Renan, the Teuton or the Jew, Dr. Barry seems to lift the incidental discussion to a wider and more elevated sphere, displays a profound and lightly borne knowledge of his theme, wins his way by sympathetic understanding to the very heart of error and gently but convincingly challenges it with truth radiant and triumphant.

The present volume was promised in the author's Memories and Opinions where he writes: "I continued in the 'Dublin' articles chiefly on Roman topics of which I hope to make a volume." Roma Sacra consists of nine essays; the first of these styled The Unknown Plot has been elsewhere judged by its writer as "the most original work from my pen." In addition to the merit claimed for it by its author, we may point out that it contains sustained passages of singularly beautiful English prose. The title alludes to L'Impromptu de Versailles of Molière which it may be remembered was the playwright's devastating answer to critics of his work as author and actor. In this piece Molière calls upon his company to practise for an entertainment commanded by the king. The stage is confusion, no book has been written, the play must be made as the rehearsal goes on. Naturally one incident after another crops up to hinder the development of the characters allotted hastily to the actors. The original theme, a satire on the manners of the court, is forgotten or is left hanging in the air as the distracted actors call for help or bewail their lot. A first and a second messenger heralding the king's approach are introduced to add confusion to confusion. The actors are in despair, they can never do justice to the characters they represent. A third messenger announces that the king graciously grants time for preparation and so the play ends.

Such, too, is life in Dr. Barry's view. We choose a part we wish to play but so numerous are the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune that our acting is all improvization, our design is reduced to tatters. The end is the summons of death calling the players to the presence of the Eternal King. We look out on the course of history and are puzzled to find the key to the jumble. Schopenhauer's answer to the problem with his amazing anticipations, by methods so diverse, of the laborious conclusions of Darwinism, is critically examined in this opening essay. The various phases of a "science" winning new triumphs every other day by sheer force of intellect yet arguing back incessantly and relentlessly to an Absolute Nescience presiding at the birth of the world, are confronted boldly in these pages. Molière, the creator of the play, knew where the seeming chaos of his comedy was facing and so too in the individual life there is a real harmony and order. Schopenhauer's affirmation of plan and prevision though impossible to reconcile with his blind, aboriginal impulse, marks an advance on Hegelian formalism and leaves a wide road of escape from the poverty stricken worship of humanity that claimed the empiricist and positivist. It leaves indeed the field clear for the champion of reason against unreason, of order against anarchy.

These essays may be considered as pendants to the more formal and complete studies made by Canon Barry on the same or kindred subjects. The author of The Tradition of Scripture writes as an expert in his essays on The Holy Latin Tongue and Our Latin Bible. We are all well informed on the literary influence of the authorized version of the Scriptures, but few realize that the Latin Vulgate of Jerome had a vastly more profound influence over a much greater space and time. To Jerome must be given the honor of being the greatest translator of all time and further, as Symonds has well said, in the prose of the Vulgate he created a new instrument of verbal utterance, made Latin cosmopolitan during ten centuries, displaced the classics yet gave birth to a noble literature in their stead.

Pope and Emperor and The Spirit of the East are essays of special interest to Americans as they enable us to see how far back in time and thought lie the roots of controversies that are living issues with us today. There is a sentence of the former essay that indicates the significance of all Canon Barry's lifework. "History, from the fall of the Roman empire, is nothing else than the conflict on a large scale between instincts which have grown into philosophies, with Church, state and civilization as their direct outcome." Our civilization here in America as well as in Europe has been compacted of elements contributed by Roman, Jew and Teuton. Faced with Islam or the yellow races it is seen to be a distinct unit yet within itself the warring principles have not settled down to peace. That the conflicting elements of the modern commonwealth can be reconciled in a spirit which will leave the Church free to carry out her divine mission without sacrifice of a tittle of Catholic dogma, has been the lifelong belief of Canon Barry who has contributed not a little by his scholarly labors to such a consummation. Like Lord Acton, his skill is most apparent in the handling of periods of revolution in thought. This is to be looked for in the work of the author of Heralds of Revolt. The ability to link the past with the present and to present the reader with a rich background is characteristic of the pres-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ent essays and likewise to be expected from the Canon's previous works on the mediaeval and modern Papacy.

The essay on Saint Thomas Aquinas deserves special attention if only to emphasize the amazing exploit of Will Durant who at this day and date managed to write a history of philosophy, and that a best seller, without mentioning the Summa. The Gold of Dante and Francis Thompson's Loyola are among the most interesting papers of the collection. Dante gives full scope to all that is best in the Canon and is linked cleverly with the opening essay on The Unknown Plot. We are fully in agreement with the estimate that "Thompson's Loloya stands alone as the biography of a Catholic hero, written in choicest English by a master of prose."

In taking leave of this book we may congratulate Dr. Barry not only on his erudition, his critical insight and the possession of so much literary grace, to all of which we are accustomed, but particularly on his amazing and tireless energy. These ripe essays carrying on every page the stamp of zest and freshness come from a busy priest approaching his eightieth year.

J. A. McErlean.

The Minx on the Nile

Egypt, by George Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

EGYPT and its complex history, the coat of many colors of its nationalist civilization, its place in modern politics, would be just the sort of subject to attract the brilliant mind of George Young. Its history would attract the diplomat in him; its international political position, the rebel against certain manifestations of European imperialism; and the fabric of eastern, western and Africa race-and folk-lore woven on Egyptian soil in this meeting-place of the age-old Mediterranean struggle, would fire the rich and vivid imagination of this most Irish son of the famous Irish lady who was his mother, the Lady Lawrence, Vicereine of India, who married Sir George Young. The editor's introduction speaks of Mr. Young's "fresh and independent judgment." That is characteristic of the man—he is always fresh and vigorous in his thought and expression, and so independent is he, that he has never yet found comfortable lodging in any political party, no matter how deeply he may agree with the fundamental principles which originally gave it being. His book raised against this background is emphatically a statesman's work, as have been other volumes on Mediterranean subjects.

Strikingly but not too fancifully, he suggests the new monument to Egyptian nationalism: a woman awakening the sphinx, and the most popular figure in pure Egyptian folk-tales: the "designing minx," as a real clue to Egyptian character as manifested in politics. "The identification of Egypt with its favorite heroine—the designing minx—holds good." . . . "In the story of modern Egypt, as told in the following pages, much that is puzzling will become plain if we read it as the story of a captive Cleopatra and of a conquering Antony or Caesar," of the contempt of a feminine mind for successive alien masters (Greek, Romans, Arabs, Mamelukes, Turks, Arnauts or British) and of respect for his strength.

"Modern Egypt as a nation dates only from the great war, but modern Egypt as a self-governing state derives from the great war of a century ago. Therefore the adventures of our Cleopatra with her Turkish Antony and with her British Caesar begin in the springtime of present-day politics, when the hot blast of the French Revolution broke up the ice-bound political systems of the Eighteenth century." From this imaginative, but nevertheless accurate simile, Mr. Young develops his picture historically from "the birth of modern Egypt" (Napoleon, Mehemet Ali, Palmerston) through the period of "bankrupts and brokers" (Abbas, Said, Ismail) and the British occupation (Tewfik, Arabi Pasha and Gladstone) through the Sudanese war, the epic of Gordon and the Mahdi, to Lord Cromer's financial reconstruction. Then through the nationalist renascence (if one may call renascent that which only now is aborning) the war, rebellion, independence and the kingdom, Fuad and Zaglul.

In the two final chapters, England and Egypt and Egypt and the Sudan, he analyzes present points of dispute soberly, from the point of view of British imperial interests, Egyptian national interests and general world interests, and concludes that present difficulties are more nearly a matter of method crystalized into apparent principle than they are real basic principle. "The British empire is not based on constitutional principles, or even on conformity with precedents, but has been built up out of practical solutions for the settlement of each particular case. If it is found that recourse to the League promises a more prompt and practical agreement on the issues involved than can otherwise be got, it would be contrary to the sensible practice of British policy to let considerations of 'principle' or 'precedent' prevent its adoption."

The present reviewer is distinctly biased in favor of the interpretation of international diplomacy which Mr. Young seems, in this book to share: political policies and principles are not always truly such. Often they are merely customs, antiquated methods persisting by inertia. Foreign offices work on precedents. Policies too often grow out of accident or emergency rather than out of design and reasoned intent. Egypt, China, Mexico and Nicaragua amply show it.

William Franklin Sands.

Another Story

The Story of Law, by John Maxcy Zane. New York: Ives Washburn. $5.00.

WHAT Wells and Durant have attempted in the fields of history and philosophy John M. Zane, LLD., seeks to do in his own legal field, namely, to describe how law in its most primitive form originated and to trace the growth of that law down to the present.

He has not completely succeeded. It may be stated as axiomatic that an author writes best about that which he knows best. Zane is a brilliant lawyer and a learned student of the common law, or the traditional case-law of America and Great Britain. That part of the book which describes the growth and flowering of the common law displays a masterly grasp of detail and a freshness of style that indicates the author's first-hand knowledge of his topic.

But just as a civilian, or a lawyer skilled in the civil law, so-called, of continental Europe, of its colonies and of Japan, finds the common law difficult to understand, so does a common lawyer find it hard to appreciate the significance of the modern civil law. On no other explanation is it possible to rest Zane's neglect in this matter. Any history or story of law which can find room for only one passing reference to Savigny and which does not even mention the Code Napoléon can hardly be complete. If the learned author were writing merely a story of the common law, his omission might be excused. But his present subject is law in its widest sense and that should include the system which serves all the civilized nations except those under the British and American flags.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The civil law is at least as efficient and important in the modern world as is the common law. A very fine account of the Roman law and a somewhat feebler account of the canon law, from both of which the civil law is descended, are not enough. One does not describe a person by describing that person's father and grandfather.

The civil law is at least as efficient and important in the modern of Law, expresses the most serious defect of the book. The author does not even forget that there is a spiritual basis as well—he denies it. The entire book is materialistic, from the conventionally imaginative prehistoric history of cave-man law to the description of law in the modern world. This materialism prevents the author from sympathizing very much with the canonists and from appreciating the significance of the preservation of law throughout the dark ages. In mitigation of the latter fault, however, should be pleaded Zane's tribute to Plowden, who was one of the great lawyers of his time and who preferred his faith to the chancellorship, when the latter was tendered him by Queen Elizabeth.

But in spite of omissions and defects, from which no work is free, Zane has written a book which is both readable and profound. His treatment of the legal systems of antiquity is particularly interesting, although one looks in vain for any reference to Mohammed or the Koran. Most people who think of Hammurabi at all, think of him as an ancient Babylonian despot wearing a crocheted beard and either a tarboosh or a modified trench helmet. But after reading Zane's chapter on Babylonian law, King Hammurabi appears as a very real and modern ruler, meeting much the same problems which confront legislators today and solving them in an up-to-date manner.

Zane repeatedly hits at legal experimentation by half-trained reformers calling themselves "philosophers." In this matter, his position is based upon experience and hard common sense. Throughout the book, the reader meets a healthy disinclination to compromise with the faddists.

The author is at his best in the chapters on Roman and Anglo-American law. These are enlivened by many clever anecdotes and legal curiosities. One may disagree with certain passages and wish that authorities were cited with greater frequency, but on the whole the book is well worth careful reading. To an author who has reprinted that deliciously ridiculous and pedantic opinion of Judge Catline, who claimed descent from the infamous Catiline, much should be forgiven.

DANIEL J. MCKENNA.

A Grisly Chronicle

Rasputin, by Prince Felix Youssoupoff. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

THERE are books that arouse the indignation of the reader and others that provoke his disgust. The extraordinary story which Prince Felix Youssoupoff has had the unhappy thought to write is bound to have both effects. I do not know whether it has been published on the principle that a criminal always likes to visit the scene of his crime, or because of an overpowering desire to make a clean breast of an ugly deed. But for the sake of decency, and out of respect for his own moral dignity, the murderer of the fantastic Rasputin would have done better to keep to himself the details of the sordid story in which he was one of the chief figures.

To begin with, there are ever so many inexactitudes in this book, which repeats old gossip we had heard before. The Prince's description of Rasputin is far, very far from the real-

COMMONWEAL PAMPHLETS
NUMBER FIVE

THE IRON HAND IN MEXICO

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

CAPTAIN McCULLAGH'S information is not hearsay. He secured it first-hand traveling through Mexico, learning the sentiments of all classes. He saw the things that have not been mentioned in the newspapers, and brought the account of them to THE COMMONWEAL. Immediately upon publication the articles were reprinted throughout America and a new consciousness of the plight of Catholics in Mexico was aroused. The demand for the copies containing his articles was so great that reprinting them in pamphlet form became a necessity. The pamphlet is now available for all who would know the *real truth about Mexico.*

Ten cents a copy

Seven dollars a hundred

Order a hundred for distribution

THE COMMONWEAL
4624 Grand Central Terminal
New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ity, because, except perhaps upon perverted minds, the uncouth peasant who acquired such a strange influence over the last Czarina of Russia, did not produce the impression we are asked to accept. I have seen and conversed with Rasputin myself, and most certainly did not think him the remarkable individual I had been led to expect. His eyes were singularly cunning in their expression, but did not produce on me the uncanny impression I had been told they generally made on those who saw him for the first time. And others less impressionable than Prince Youssoupoff must have been, to judge by his story, were entirely of my opinion in regard to Rasputin's so-called magnetic power. Prince Lvoff, who was Prime Minister in the first provisional government that succeeded to Nicholas II, in an article in the liberal paper Retsch describing an interview he had with the "prophet," says the following: "I could not find any trace of the extraordinary glance he was supposed to possess, to which was attributed his power over people, or notice anything remarkable about him. The expression of his face was that of the cunning moujik, such as one constantly meets with in our country." But then Prince Lvoff was a sane, well-balanced man, he did not belong to an aesthetic generation that deifies everything, even crime.

A man like Rasputin would never have existed in any other country but Russia, which up to the crisis that has transformed her, was still an Asiatic nation, moving in an absolutely Byzantine atmosphere. But he was more a symbol than anything else, and as Dr. Dillon in his remarkable book, The Eclipse of Russia, writes, he never possessed the influence which was attributed to him. It was a case of giving a dog a bad name and hanging him afterward. His presence at the side of the unfortunate empress was seized as a pretext to overthrow the Romanoffs, and dethrone the discredited and hated Nicholas II by means of a palace revolution. But the people who had at first planned to bring about the latter, lacked at the last moment the courage of the murderers of Peter III and of Paul I; they did not possess the determination and the dignity which was displayed on December 14, 1825, by the flower of the Russian nobility, when they arose against Nicholas I, and which when their attempt to dethrone him had failed, made them march courageously to the scaffold, or to Siberia, with their heads held high. Unfortunately for them, neither the Grand Duke Dmitri nor Prince Youssoupoff were made of the same stuff as a Mourawieff-Apostol or Prince Troubetzkoy or Prince Serge Volkhonsky. They could plan a crime, but they were not able to lead any revolutionary movement, and could not have led it even if they had believed that the safety of their country depended on its success. It is one thing to kill and another to run the chance of being killed oneself.

But this is not the worst in this sordid tragedy. It has also its ignoble and contemptible side, openly avowed by its actors: the premeditated denying by them of their crime, and the systematic lying to which they resorted to hide the part they had taken in its performance, lying of which Prince Youssoupoff appears to be quite proud. It is especially the last pages of his book which arouse the indignation and disgust to which I have alluded already. They make one realize the absolute and utter degeneracy of this Russian aristocracy which the Bolsheviks have done their best to destroy, with perhaps some justification for the attempt. . . . And what can one say, what is there to be said, of the description of the manner in which Rasputin was finally dispatched, of this battering of his body with a loaded stick? . . . These are the things one finds in the writings of authors like the Marquis de Sade.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Briefer Mention

A Short History of the Irish People, by Mary Hayden and George A. Moonan. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00.

IN A book of some six hundred pages the reader finds the practical results of the teaching of two Irish professors who have collaborated to produce a concise history of their country, presenting the essential factors in their proper continuity and treating the earlier traditions of Erin with caution and without disrespect. This is something of a task, in a question involved in so much controversy even among the Irish themselves; the extravagant-appearing claims of some of their archaeologists and the minute cautiousness of others resulting in a confused attitude when it comes to confronting the carping authorities across the water. Irish literature is treated chronologically, as a product not of an isolated age or period but of successive generations from the remote past to the present day. There are three main divisions in the first part of this history dealing with Gaelic Ireland—The Gael and the Norman; The Extension of the Colony; and The Completion of the Conquest (1520-1693.) The second part is divided into The Completion of the Conquest to the Treaty of Limerick; The Penal Days; Ireland in the Nineteenth Century; and Ireland in the Twentieth Century. The volume presents a succinct history of the Irish people and is a valuable book of handy reference.

The House of Martha at Bethany, by Herman J. Heuser. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50.

FEW people have time to familiarize themselves with the information which scholarship has brought to light concerning the life of the early Church, and still fewer are able to assimilate the learned material. Father Herman Heuser, whose various good books testify alike to vast learning and deep Catholic faith, is just the man to survey the field and map out an imaginative, popular synthesis of what is there. The present book is concerned chiefly with the later lives of Lazarus and his sisters. Martha establishes a "house" for Christian women in Bethany and surveys from this calm place of retreat the fortunes of the Apostles and their aids. A great many familiar personages enter the story: Our Lady, Stephen, Paul, Barnabas, James and others. The treatment is, of course, merely imaginative. There is no necessity for viewing the details of the narrative as more than a probable description of what took place. Nevertheless many important matters of doctrinal history—for instance the development of Christian liturgy out of the Jewish form of worship—are incorporated. One rises from reading this book with the sense of having profited from a pleasant and (in the best sense) edifying experience. Father Heuser's style is fluent, lucid and attractive, reminding one frequently of several virtuous eighteenth-century writers. The book should meet with favor in many places.

A Persian Anthology; translations by Edward Granville Browne. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.90.

E. G. BROWNE, a scholar in Persian, of Cambridge University, has translated many of the richest treasures in eastern literature. From the work of this great orientalist, now deceased, this small anthology has been made by E. Denison Ross. The most inspired Persian singers are here represented, from Firdawsi, Jami, Nizami, to Rumi and Sadi of The Gulistan. The result is a pageant of Asiatic dreaming which will be welcomed by lovers of the splendors of the East.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"There is a touch of Lent in the air already, Britannicus, and my yearly renunciation of tobacco grows ominously near. When the mourners gathered in 1871 around the coffin of Mynheer Van Klees of Rotterdam, who after consuming some four tons of tobacco had passed away prematurely at the age of eighty-one, they emptied their funeral pipes on the coffin lid with the fateful words, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' indicating, perhaps, that in heaven the old Mynheer would smoke no more.

"Smoking, then, is reserved for the lower regions. My Aunt Euphemia dogmatically supports this opinion. Although the angels are passing their existences in the clouds, she, as far as she can arrange it, positively refuses to join them if they indulge in pipes, cigars or cigarettes. I have tried to argue with her that from most ancient days the smoke of victims and of volcanoes was always regarded with reverential awe—

> " 'Githche Manito the Mighty
> Smoked the Calumet, the Peace Pipe
> As a signal to the nations.'

"In fact, in 1600 it became a custom in the English churches to mix tobacco with the incense, while there are some interesting Catholic contexts in the history of the weed from the first discovery of it by Columbus in 1492. Cardinal de la Croix, who introduced tobacco into Italy in 1589, and in 1596 there was a Bishop of London who 'died while sitting in his chair smoking.' King James I came out very vigorously against the tobacco habits that were spreading throughout his realms; the Pope in 1624 interdicted the use of 'chewing, smoking, or inhaling in any form the powder within the purlieus of the churches.' The Jesuits, however, were quick to retort in 1625 against James I's contention, that there was 'harm in tobacco to either health or morals.' The craze for the weed went so far in English church circles that the parson of Thornton, running short on his quid, smoked up the ropes of his church bell as a substitute. Whether or not it was this excess that aroused the clergy of the Greek Church I do not know, but at least they resorted to a declaration that it was the fumes of tobacco which caused the inebriation of old Father Noah. Charles II found it necessary to prohibit the dons of Cambridge from smoking during their sermons, but in 1666 we have the strange sight of teachers instructing their pupils to smoke and punishing them if they did it incorrectly. Modern history begins in 1724, when Pope Benedict XIII becomes an addict to the weed and revokes all the papal bulls previously fulminated against it. A more recent note of disapproval of this may be found in the decree of the Wesleyan Conference of 1877 that: 'No preacher shall use tobacco without prescription by a doctor.' "

"I am not unimpressed by your learning, my dear Angelicus, on this as on every other subject that we discuss in our obiter dicta confabulations. What interests me most at present is the war between the pipes, cigars and cigarettes. In general we may accept the pipe as the earliest form in use among smokers—the long stem, the dudeen, the meerschaum, the clay-bowl and the corncob seem to have led the column of smoke before the chosen tribes of Nicotine; the long cigar or cheroot, however, was an early competitor.

"It was when old Oscar Hammerstein, of the high silk hat and Manhattan Opera House, invented the machine for the manufacture of cigarettes that the tidal flood of the little white tubes began to spread across the world, driving back the prohibition of coffin-nails, cubeb preparations and concoctions

STELLA MARIS
NEWPORT, R. I.
A rest house for women, convalescents and others desiring restful conditions. Overlooking Narragansett Bay. Well heated, spacious and comfortable; excellent table. Accommodations limited. Reasonable rates.
Address: SISTERS OF THE HOLY GHOST

College of Saint Elizabeth
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
(*P. O. Address Convent Station*)
A Catholic college for women, registered by the New York State University, and the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Intensive courses open to students preparing for the teaching profession. Home economics department. Bachelor degree in arts, science, and music.

MELROSE ACADEMY
School for Girls
Students prepared for COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS
Music, French, Art, Vocal Expression, Physical Culture. Small classes, Melrose Park a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia. 30 acre campus. All outdoor sports. Standard hockey field.
Term begins September 20
Conducted by the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart

IRISH BACON—HAMS
Westphalian Hams—German Frankfurters
IMPORTERS
M. H. GREENEBAUM, Inc.
220 GREENWICH STREET NEW YORK

PIUS X. SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y.
SPRING SESSION, FEBRUARY-JUNE
Semester opens week of February 6th
Justine Ward Method of Teaching Music. Gregorian Chant and Accompaniment to Gregorian Chant. Choir Conducting and Training of Choirs. Pius X Choir Rehearsal of Sunday Mass, Vespers, etc. Musical Theory for High Schools and older students. Harmony.
Saturday morning—Demonstration classes in Justine Ward Method
Tuesday 4 P.M.—Violin ensemble classes.
Wednesday 4 P.M.—Piano ensemble classes.
Courses merit College Credits
Classes 4 to 6 daily; Saturdays—morning and afternoon
For further information write or telephone The Secretary, Edgecombe 2272

FEET on Parade
No longer do we hide them,
They are always plain in view
Why not make the most of them
It's the proper thing to do.
Stylish shoes that fit well
With comfort may be worn
And you'll be proud of your feet
If they're shod by PEDIFORME.

Regardless of the nature of your foot troubles, "PEDIFORME" shoes will aid you to regain normalcy. Write for our FREE Style book K that tells how to overcome foot ills in the natural way.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE CO.
36 W. 36th St. New York
29 Washington Pl. East Orange, N. J.
322 Livingston St. Brooklyn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

29th INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS
Sydney, Australia. September 6-9, 1928
Send for Preliminary Announcement of Sailings and Rates to
FARLEY TRAVEL AGENCY
535 Fifth Avenue, New York Phone: Murray Hill 8390
Booklet, Travel Suggestions Europe '28, on Request

ELEVATORS
ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON
EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY
BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST. NEW YORK CITY

URSULINE ACADEMY
Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Resident and Day Pupils
Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments
Chartered by the University of the State of New York

McCARTHY & SIMON INC
7-9 WEST 36th STREET
JUST OFF FIFTH AVENUE
New York
Caps—Gowns—Hoods
School and College Uniforms and Gym Apparel
Quality Apparel—Specialized Service—Moderate Prices
Samples on Request

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.
CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
Vanderbilt 8761

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

of tea and sawdust, with mixtures of the three or five crops of tobacco that make up the proper blend of all cigarettes. Kansas and Carrie Nation thunder in vain against them; Kate Mulcahey suffers arrest as a New York victim to public disapproval of her smoking them; the Y. M. C. A. reverses its doctrines in wartime to order 70,000,000 of them for the doughboys; the convention of tobacconists protests against automobiles as diminishing their use; a chimpanzee of Indiana, deprived of his daily puff, dies in his cage; the Negus Menelik of Abyssinia, finding his stomach deranged after trying a pipe, forbids all tobacco to his subjects and is made an honorary member of the Anti-tobacco Society of France. The ladies, too, swell the steaming throngs, and Carrie Nation lays the blame for the London fogs upon the users of tobacco.

"Then came the fancy boxes, the holders, the ash-trays of silver and lapis lazuli; little brother steals mamma's and big sister's fags; the de-nicotinized brands that fail of popularity; the amber-dipped varieties that are relegated to dowager duchesses; Queen Victoria is gone; Schumann-Heink refuses to join the party—but then we have Nazimova, Alice Brady, Mary Garden and Lenore Ulrich to pass the lighters. 'No smoking on the campus,' read the rules of some women's colleges, but a woman of ninety-three who has smoked her pipe for eighty-one years despite her husband's protests, declares that 'all the girls smoke now,' so she is in style today.

" 'How much her smoking hurts the modern girl,' announces one scientist, 'depends partly on her size.' 'Let them smoke or not,' says the head of Vassar, 'it is a trifling question.'

"We shall have women smokers just so long as there is a touch of naughtiness and sportfulness about the habit; they will abandon tobacco as quickly as they adopt it, when the custom grows common and the tobacco odors begin to grow stale and their fingernails turn yellow—

"When lovely woman stoops to folly
And smokes her score of fags per day,
There's naught to cure such melancholy
In lipstick, rouge or ondulé."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

ERNEST F. BODDINGTON, dramatist and journalist, formerly Sunday editor of the New York Times, is the author of The Heretic.

SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, professor of anthropology in Saint Michael's College, Toronto, is the author of The Church and Science; and The Romans in Britain.

HENRI MASSIS is the editor of La Revue Universelle.

COUNT GONZAGUE DE REYNOLD is a member of the department of philosophy in the University of Bern, Switzerland, and president of the Catholic Union of International Studies.

W. G. BOWDOIN, an art critic formerly associated with the Woman's Home Companion, the Independent, the Musical Courier and the New York Evening World, is the author of The Rise of the Book Plate.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH, poet and former editor of Current Opinion, is the author of Loves and Losses of Pierrot; and Candles in the Sun.

REV. JOHN MEEHAN, recently of Cornell University and the American College, Rome, Italy, is a priest in the Archdiocese of San Francisco.

DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN has been engaged in newspaper work in Missouri and New England.

JESSICA POWERS is an occasional contributor to The Commonweal's poetry columns.

CAROL RYRIE BRINK is a Minnesota poet and short-story writer.

JOHN A. LAPP is the author of Our America; The American Citizen; Economics and the Community; and Practical Social Science.

J. A. MCERLEAN is a contributor to the critical and scholarly press.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS, formerly in the American diplomatic service in Korea and Guatemala, is an authority on international affairs.

DANIEL J. MCKENNA is a professor in the Marquette Law School.

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL is the author of They Knew the Washingtons, and various reminiscences and historical studies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED